THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE CALVERT YEAR

WORD comes to us from Chicago that the Calvert Club in that city is planning a celebration in March of the Maryland Tercentenary. It is, of course, only one among many celebrations which will be held this year, radiating from the central festivals of the State and the Church in Maryland itself, but it emphasizes the particular interest which this review, The Calvert Associates who publish it, and the readers and friends of THE COMMONWEAL, have in this great event. For The Calvert Associates derive their name, and more than their name, they derive their very spirit from that Catholic layman, Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who three hundred years ago led the Ark and the Dove across the Atlantic and founded Maryland, the "land of sanctuary," the first home and now the shrine of religious liberty, and the place where the organized life of the Catholic Church in the United States took its rise, was fostered and built up, and from which it grew into the mighty structure of today. Every year since the founding of The Calvert Associates in 1922, we have held public celebrations in honor of our spiritual and cultural ancestors, preparing the way, as best we could in this manner, for the great events of 1934.

The Maryland Tercentenary Commission appointed by Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of which Mr. William M. Marbury is chairman, has made a preliminary announcement of its plans. There will be public exercises at Blackiston Island, formerly known as St. Clement's Island, on March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to commemorate the first landing of the English pilgrims on Maryland soil. On June 20, there will be elaborate ceremonies at the site of old (and now vanished) St. Mary's City, to recall the founding there of Maryland's first capital. Although March 27 is the anniversary of the establishment of the provincial government, the later date is appropriate, as it is Charter Day, or the legal birthday of Maryland; moreover, it will be a time when weather conditions should be more propitious than in March. On this occasion the reconstructed State House of 1676 and other memorials will be dedicated. On the following day, June 21, exercises will be held in Annapolis in connection with the dedication of the

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Hall of Records, built to preserve and make available the state's treasure of colonial documents and records. On the third day there will be a great civic pageant and celebration in Baltimore.

If The Calvert Associates began years ago to do its share of the work of arousing the nation—more particularly the Catholic part of the nation—to a more general realization of the debt all Americans owe to the Maryland pioneers of religious liberty, it has been the American Catholic Historical Association, through its secretary, Dr. Peter Guilday, and the American Jesuit Fathers, who have been the leaders in that movement. To Catholic historians, of course, Maryland is the center of church history in the United States. In that soil are the very roots of the organized Church of this country. As for the Jesuits, they were with Cecil Calvert and his associates when they landed on St. Clement's Island. In their hands rested the main burden of Catholic responsibility for more than a century and a half, and it was a Jesuit, John Carroll, who became the first bishop and laid the foundations of the Church in the United States. The work of preparing the program for the main Catholic celebration, of course, has been for three years past in the hands of a committee appointed by Archbishop Curley, of which he is the honorary chairman.

The chief event of the religious festivities will be the Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Baltimore Stadium on May 30. The three Catholic universities of the archdiocese, the Catholic University, Georgetown, and St. Mary's, will conduct special functions. The Pilgrims of St. Mary's are planning a celebration of their own. The Knights of Columbus are sponsoring a prize essay contest in Catholic schools. A highly important book on Maryland history, which contains much new material discovered by Mr. J. Moss Ives, is being prepared for publication. A special publication which will be of great practical service to schools, and to all individuals interested in Maryland history, has been issued in the January number of the *Historical Bulletin* of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri. It takes the form of a symposium dealing with the Maryland Tercentenary, six informative, special articles, together with a bibliography on Maryland, compiled by Thomas F. O'Connor. The American Catholic Historical Association will bring the celebrations of this momentous year to a fitting close at their convention in Washington, D. C., in December, when twelve carefully chosen writers will deal with the main aspects of Maryland's Catholic history.

The editor of THE COMMONWEAL has been honored far above his merits in having been elected president of the American Catholic Historical Association for Calvert Year. As a journalist, however, he knows that never was there a time when the world, including this nation, more greatly needed the light and lesson of Maryland than it does now, when both religion and liberty are being assailed and endangered by powerful philosophies and political revolutions which threaten the destruction of both religious and civic liberties, and the fruits of civilized culture which spring from these liberties. He therefore appeals to all the readers and friends of this journal to cooperate with the state of Maryland and with our Catholic Church leaders in doing all they possibly can to make the commemorative exercises of this fateful year a glorious success—not merely as commemoration, however, but principally as a new dedication of the whole nation to the principle and the practise of civic and religious liberty.

WEEK BY WEEK

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S request for power to stabilize the dollar at between 50 and 60 cents, assuming that the government would be given the right to take over all gold now held in Federal Reserve Banks, brings to a temporary close a series of experiments in money which are so difficult to evaluate and so replete with technicalities that the specialists are unable to tell us what it all means. Three or four objectives may of course be discerned. First, the plague of "frozen credits" made all Americans money conscious. It was widely believed that the anomaly of a situation in which overproduction was matched with underconsumption could be explained by assuming a dearth of money; and so a demand for more money—i.e., for inflation—grew stronger and stronger. The administration met this clamor half way by suspending gold payments. Second, it was clear that the "gold standard" no longer functioned in the international markets. Since the world's gold supply was virtually hoarded in London, Paris and New York, the impact of depreciated currencies on prices was such as to completely unsettle trade. The most practical suggestion seemed therefore to be that which assumed that world prices could be governed only by free and open currency competition. While this reduced the gain to be expected from foreign commerce, it helped to keep up the momentum of the exchange of goods and so to keep markets open and people employed. Third, the American government was interested in raising commodity prices at home, and sought to accomplish this by cheapening the dollar abroad and by driving money out of banks into goods. Fourth, it was desirable that business should know the lengths to which the administration would go in its efforts to make available a "safe and plentiful" currency. The answer has now been given in the budget message and in the President's stabilization plan.

More Money and Less

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OF COURSE it is not easy to tell whether any of the measures thus outlined was genuinely effective. They cannot well be judged apart from the President's policy as a whole, and for this even the critics have a great deal of admiration. This policy was fundamentally psychological, though its manager has never been simple-minded enough to believe that conditions will improve just because one says they have improved. It was rather a matter of displaying flexible but firm leadership —of making it clear that while the nation was trying to whack its way out of an uncharted jungle, it was not forgetting to test the ground underfoot and to keep an eye out for snakes in the grass. America has never had more efficient political management. But whether the underlying real problems have been solved is another question, concerning which the administration doubtless has few illusions. We do not know whether international prices will stay where they are now, which means that we cannot tell whether our own commodity price level can be maintained. We cannot foresee the ultimate consequences of the managed paper currency systems in use where nations have lost their gold. We cannot even predict the extent to which American purchasing power can be relied upon to grow stronger as a result of artificial feeding with government credit. It merely seems as if budget message plus stabilization project testify to a growing confidence and optimism on the part of the administration. Nor is that without a measure of confirmation from world conditions as a whole.

READING the statement that Acting Commissioner Goodrich wishes to make New Yorkers "refuse conscious," one at first wonders a little. In a sense, the denizens of this fair metropolis are all too refuse conscious. They have what are possibly the dirtiest streets in the world to look at all day long; and their garbage-collecting has been arranged for them, besides, on a diffused system which guarantees that, on whatever street the citizen may walk or sit or park, by day or by night, a garbage truck is already there, or presently comes around the corner. But that is not what the Commissioner means, of course. He means to train us to be tidy in public, and we think that he has made a good start. He offers from his own purse the sum of $25 for an effective slogan, to be printed on the Department of Sanitation's refuse cans, for he is convinced that the slogan can be used to induce people to pick up litter just as successfully as it has been used to boom business. There are many parallel examples in his favor. "Swat the Fly," "The Voice with the Smile Wins," "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away"—all these have created mass convictions and, in their various ways, got impressive results. And there have been dozens of others. We wish the campaign all success. If we had a hand for that sort of thing, we might even try for the $25. How about "No Litter—It's Fitter!" or simply "Dirt Can Hurt"?

Keep the City Pretty

LIFE is not as bright as it might be for many city youngsters these days. As the end of high-school life approaches, the future looks pretty much like a long chance to twiddle one's thumbs. Parents are irritable, too. Weighing their own problems—which are often pretty concrete—they see no reason why Johnnie and Mary, with enough to eat and wear, should make a fuss. The three-room apartment system is all right when everybody uses the place merely as a berth, but when a number of people stay in it toes are frequently stepped on. This complex situation throws a new burden on the school, which must seek to effect student progress but finds that impeded by stubborn facts in the student's background and outlook. Some institutions have therefore tried to arrange for "guidance," which includes almost everything "problematical" in the boy or girl outlook. An interesting summary of one such institution's work is the Report issued by the Samuel J. Tilden High School, Brooklyn. We were particularly impressed by the fact that 242 of the more than 1,000 students who sought out the counselors were sent by teachers, while only 13 were sent by parents. This is a fair indication of the extent to which the modern school is replacing the modern home. Though one cannot assume that many parents are careless of their children's welfare, it seems obvious that few have either the time or the ability to deal with the problems involved. "Guidance" seems destined to become a central educational concern of the future, not merely by reason of the existing vocational problem but also because youngsters have no other place to which to apply for counsel on other matters.

Brightening the Corner

"EVERY year," begins a brochure of the National Save-A-Life League, "20,000 persons commit suicide in the United States." And it adds, "Almost every one of them could be saved." This relatively small organization, staffed largely by M. D.'s giving of their time voluntarily, interviewed in its office on Madison Avenue last year 2,816 persons who were contemplating suicide and were actually willing to go in and seek arguments that might induce them to refrain from taking their own lives. This is an appalling vision of the utmost mortal agony of spirit, when one considers that this revelation comes from one relatively little known office. To

Against Death and Despair

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Catholics it should suggest a renewal of appreciation of the tremendous saving opportunities and graces of the confessional where, in anonymity, the tortured spirit can seek on the highest, most impersonal, yet also most personal, basis of human relations the solution of dilemmas that seem almost more than it can bear. Workers of the Save-A-Life League in the past year also visited 1,084 families where suicides occurred and 2,168 homes where suicides had been attempted. It referred to the proper social welfare organization all cases which could be solved by simple charitable aid, assisting in procuring jobs, obtaining widows' and old age pensions, getting free legal and medical care, supplying meal tickets to middle-aged, unemployed women dangerously discouraged and, where possible, to other persons in dire need, obtaining nights' lodgings, writing letters and establishing personal, home or friendly connections, for despondent strangers and foreigners. Needless to say, here is a case where trained social workers, besides doing their own particular stint, through experience in contacting effectively the social-welfare aids available in the community, render a charitable service valuable beyond measure or praise.

THIS social service side of a great city is too little known. The lower depths of human misery, despair or degradation have been amply explored and exploited to provide, at a profit to the purveyor, vicarious shocks and excitements to readers in their easy chairs by their sheltered firesides. But the front-line, day in and day out, heroic struggle to offset, or ameliorate these conditions—perhaps because of a healthy impersonality, a true lack of selfishness or of egotism by those who voluntarily go down to lend a hand of help in these depths—does not receive adequate realistic portrayal. Recently in a free clinic where we happen to have personal relations, one instance from the daily average of six hundred cases gives a clue to what we mean. An Indian with the proud name of White Cloud, a dispossessed citizen here on his native heath, homeless, penniless, friendless and ill with a contagious disease, had been discharged from the free ward of the hospital where he had been sent by the clinic; he was no longer a "bed case" and the freely supplied bed and services he received were needed by another in the everlasting line of poor and maimed. Because of his contagious, chronic ailment, he was not admitted to municipal or charitably supported lodgings. He panhandled and slept in the subways, or rather, spent the nights there, traveling back and forth to keep under cover. Returning to the clinic, he was supplied with an at least temporary solution for his utter need by the clinic doctor. The latter's entire clinical services are donated, along with those of thousands of other M. D.'s who daily do this gruelling front-line work for the alleviation of misery. The personal neighborliness of the country is supplied by such men and their helpers with a generosity which should make all city dwellers who can make some contribution from their means or time, and do not, thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

The Debate on Immortality

NEW YORK, a good part of the existence of which is spent harkening to debates about things dreamed and undreamed of in the philosophies, listened some time ago while Dr. Howard Lee McBain, dean of Columbia's graduate school, asserted that the evidence for immortality of the soul left that belief unproved. The doctor did not, of course, feel any too certain about what happens at death. He was willing to leave it an open question, though it was difficult to avoid feeling that if the assumption of deathlessness were justifiable there would be more to say for it than he was willing to concede. At any rate, there has followed considerable public discussion of the problem, the outstanding contribution to which was probably Bishop Manning's sermon from the same university pulpit in which Dr. McBain had stood to issue his sceptical remarks. The Bishop stated very well the case against the alternative—against the belief that man dies like the beast of the field, dividing his body and spirit among those fierce energies which wrestle for control of nature. And it was to be expected, in view of the character of the audience, that citations from great idealists like Emerson and Kant should have reinforced an argument buttressed primarily from the Gospels.

WE MUST never forget that belief in immortality is, despite all the efforts to derive it from rational hope in and analysis of human nature, essentially one of the gifts of Christ. This is one of the most extraordinary truths to be learned from Saint Paul, whose mind was so set aflame by the promise of deathlessness given by the Lord and by the corroborative evidence of the Resurrection that the issue of immortality is for him the very heart of the whole Christian problem. When he writes that faith is vain if Christ be not risen from the dead, he is thinking of the hopes and responsibilities which loom up before the everliving soul. And today, however many arguments may be developed pro and con by philosophers, the doctrine of immortality remains what it was in Saint Paul's time. Belief in it is based upon Christ's invitation to the soul, and upon the insight given when this invitation is heeded. Growing loss of belief—manifested above all in popular addiction to "suicide pacts" carried out sometimes with amazing flippancy—is simply evidence

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of the fact that many hearts are closed to the Christian message. What, then, could be stranger or more ominous than the denial, from supposedly Christian pulpits, of the evidence for immortality? If these know nothing of the real evidence, where shall the puzzled individual expect to find it? That would be the weirdest of all efforts to seek refuge in ultra-individualism.

Fortunate Wings

THE RIDER who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, actually accomplished what he set out to do. Other heroic carriers, praying for the wings of the wind as they push on in this or that desperate journey for their fellows, are not always so fortunate. Comparatively recently, while a courageous American aviator lay dying in a Canadian hospital, Colonel Lindbergh made a record dash flying serum up from New York in an effort to save him. But Floyd Bennett died nevertheless. And everyone remembers back a few years, to when Nome was smitten by a deadly epidemic, and the mushers, traveling in relays through the heart of a black Arctic blizzard which destroyed all trails and stopped all other lines of communication with the outside world, brought in the vaccine which was to wipe out the plague. But the vaccine had lost most of its potency from long exposure to cold; and so Seppala, the driver, and Balto, his lead dog, who scorned the blinding snow and the needle ice of the river trail, and dashed past their relief driver to do the additional twenty miles to Nome because they felt they could do it quicker—they accomplished, in Mr. Belloc's immortal phrase, "nothing but an epic."

IT IS thus satisfying even beyond the limits of the very satisfying fact, that an equally spirited and dangerous undertaking, in an equally selfless cause, should have just proved wholly successful. The country was stirred, a few days ago, to read of a 1,400-mile flight made by the aviation racing champion, James Wedell, in an effort to get a very young baby into the hands of the Johns Hopkins surgeon who might be able to save her life if he operated at once. Every hazard known to flying had to be met. Yet despite darkness, and the violent storms and intense cold which had caused the suspension of the regular air lines, the young flyer whose business is speed covered the distance in a miraculous eleven hours. It sufficed. The child is already out of danger, and has been taken back to her home in Houston. We, who have said our word against speed out of season, that wears down and blurs values familiar to those who go at leisure, and against speed pursued for itself as an intoxicant at peril to life, wish to be among the first to say our word of tribute in this case.

ONE LITERARY PROBLEM

WHEN Dr. Johnson was asked whether one ought to write for money, he replied that only a fool would write for anything else. The old veteran had both feet on the ground. He knew that producing a book worth anything to the public was hard work, and that hard work cannot be done for long on an empty stomach or on the assumption that idealism is its own reward. But "writing for money" unfortunately has another meaning. When a professional scribe goes about armed with microscope and telescope looking for a topic to do a book about (in the hope that royalty checks will eventually arrive), he is doing something not intrinsically wrong but still likely to bear watching. There are themes which ought not to be approached in such a mood. Only a cad would marry a girl because of her money, and only a public nuisance would spoil a subject he is incapable of handling just because a publisher is waiting round the corner with a contract.

This is probably one explanation of why so many books on religious topics are worthless. It is for some curious reason easier to write poorly on a spiritualistic subject and "get away with it" than to publish a slovenly novel or historical book. A man who has run out of all other ideas can always get a hearing for a thin dissertation on the twilight of the gods; and pious ladies who never had any ideas can tempt somebody to set up galley-proofs of the life of a saint. We suppose one explanation for all this is that in an age of religious chaos, when intuition is so often confused with sentimentality and thinking with learning by heart, it is difficult to tell a good book on a spiritual subject from a bad one. At any rate, the situation confronts us—and unfortunately we confront it! Language and thought do not merely go hand in hand. Relatively few human beings have time to think—at least to think about more than one or two problems bound up with living. The writing and speaking they hear automatically change into the ideas professed. What, then, happens to religion?

The immediate occasion for penning these melancholy remarks is a recent novel. "Mary of Nazareth," by Mary Borden, has for its heroine the Blessed Virgin. "Though it cuts across many prejudices and may seem to some Christians unorthodox," says the blurb writer, "the author has stuck close to the New Testament." That sentence—if, indeed, it be a sentence—is representative of the slovenliness, formlessness, bad taste and inaccuracy of so much that emanates from publishing houses which respect almost everything except the facts as they are and the English language as it exists. "Stuck close to the New Testament"—no doubt like a piece of gum on the bottom side of a subway seat! Now as a matter of fact the author of this book (though unceremoniously made cor-

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relative with "it" in the masterpiece quoted above) obviously tried to relate the life-story of the Blessed Virgin in a "reverent" manner. There are even a dozen complimentary adjectives on one page. But Mary Borden swallowed so much bad commentary while sticking close to the New Testament that the result was a really very interesting case of intellectual indigestion.

From this point of view she is worth studying. It is not that she gulps down certain modernistic opinions (and worse). After all, if she honestly thinks them correct, we can only regret the fact without denying her right to a set of ideas useless to us. Indeed one may pardonably hope that Mary Borden will be rewarded for the interest and the effort with which she studied a life which is, for sons and daughters of the Church, more sacred than that of any other human being. No, what matters is the indigestion—that eminently modern result of professional literary haste and unprofessional scholarship. It could not have been better illustrated than it is, unwittingly, by the same blurber referred to above. "She has invented episodes only where there are large gaps in the Gospel narrative and she has made no statement without good authority," we read. And we agree. She "invented" where she had to, but her inventions are all in the "authorities." It is like the man who fought like a lion, running away only where there was danger. Mary Borden psychologizes insufferably about states of mind she doesn't understand, and she ratiocinates insufferably about a psychology she doesn't understand.

But we shall let her off without further chiding. How often do we stop to wonder how much of the reams now being published about the Blessed Virgin is worth printing? Surely very, very little. Nevertheless the literature of the past contains many magnificent pages of Marian devotion, lore and history, and if we ask ourselves why equally good writing is well-nigh impossible to find now, we shall not go far wrong if we reply that the motive is of a lower order. Of course hardly any Marian writing is done, as some current saints' lives have obviously been, merely in order to pay the rent (which need not necessarily be individual). Frequently the author thinks he is serving a good cause, or helping to proclaim the truth. It is perilously dangerous to ask oneself if one is worthy of proclaiming the truth. If even Saint Bernard had put that question to himself, he would probably never have written his matchlessly beautiful books. We are never worthy of proclaiming the truth about anything—even relativity. But—and this seems the point—we can strive to prepare ourselves for writing on a given subject in a manner commensurate with the importance and value of that subject. And this is what Saint Bernard did.

Another aspect of the problem is still more interesting. As we all know, the life of the Blessed Virgin was once treated imaginatively by ages which apparently related legends as if they were true. This "lore" is beautiful, appealing, often intrinsically very wise. The Middle Ages seemed unable to get their fill of it, for which one cannot blame them. Why are we incapable of doing anything similar? Modern fiction built round the life of Mary immediately seems thin and unattractive. The reasons are probably two. In the first place, much medieval lore simply reflects a transfer to Christian saints and heroes of beliefs and tales which had thitherto been popularly associated with heathen deities and demigods. This syncretism was possible because of the far greater part played by the imagination in times which were more illiterate and less rationalistic. Secondly the medievalist had for one of his principal objects the use of material in allegorical or symbolistic ways. He told a story less for the story's sake than in order to express the "pneuma" which transcended the "material."

This habit was ingrained in Christianity, no doubt largely because of the unusual importance of prophetic writings upon the spiritual development of early centuries. We find Saint Paul, for example, telling the story of Isaac and Ismael in order to make it clear just how the Christian ecclesia had supplanted the Jewish synagogue; and if later on, in the porches of cathedrals, the synagogue is a beautiful woman with a band over her eyes while heresy is a fearful monster, these representations continue the tradition which the Apostle founded. Perhaps we shall never again have a popular religious literature capable of appealing to the imagination until we discard the positivistic outlook of an age of facts and return to the normal Christian methods.

Of course it would have to be remembered that imagination is not today the same thing that it was in the Middle Ages. Of all human faculties, this one is most subject to the influences of historic time. The temper of the present-day imagination is, whether we like it or not, shown in such books as "Kristin Lavransdatter" and the later poems of Yeats, and in such painters as Picasso and Emil Nolde. In short, it is an ethical imagination, having more relation (in its ruthless absorption in the eddy of moral struggle) with the Prophets and Aeschylus than with the art and writing of the Renaissance. To lament the fact that we cannot paint like Giorgione or write like Cardinal Bembo is simply to bewail the fact that the earth goes spinning round the sun. But if we can be, within the realm of the imagination, Christian as well as modern, there is little doubt of our being able to succeed in our day as well as earlier generations succeeded in theirs. The sole issue would then be whether we strove to make ourselves worthy of our success.

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CATHOLICS IN NAZI GERMANY

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Based on months of first-hand observation, the following article is designed to afford some idea of as serious and interesting a conflict as any now in progress. The Catholics of Germany have worked hard, to their own frequent peril and disadvantage, for that program of amity among the world's peoples which has been one of the special concerns of the Holy See. It would be deplorable if their present situation evoked no interest and sympathy, but their decision to be "martyrs noiselessly" calls for admiration.—The Editors.

THE STRUGGLE which has been going on in Germany during more than nine months between the Nazi government and the Catholic group may be likened to a battle where the only weapons are rifles with Maxim silencers. It is possible to spend months in the country without getting more than a glimpse of what is a great, fateful and bitterly contested action. The Catholic population itself is hardly aware of what is going on, since all discussion of conflicts which appears in the Nazi press makes it appear as if a few recalcitrant "political priests" were misrepresenting the pure doctrine of the New Germany. Secrecy is increased also by reason of the unwillingness of the hierarchy to appeal for foreign sympathy or aid. Almost all the bishops profess to feel that the contest must be fought out in such a way as to avoid the stigma of what is now called "treason."

Any attempt to offer a description of recent events and developments is therefore handicapped by the fact that information must be gathered from sources which cannot be named. I can merely vouch for the authenticity of the material to be presented here and say—what may help to make a case for my credibility—that I am by no means blind to some good things done for Germany by the Hitler régime.

First and most obvious are the changes in the outward status of Catholics. After the unification of the German Empire in 1870, the Church began a difficult struggle for what may be termed the rights of representation. Little by little progress was made until, in the years prior to the war, some Catholics were found in almost all departments of government and public life. The judiciary and the university were, perhaps, the ones which most resisted capture. It was not until the close of the nineteenth century that a Catholic occupied any important seat on the bench, and really not until after the war that institutions of higher learning welcomed Catholic professors who were not theologians. Of necessity the strategic position occupied by the Center party after 1919 was a tremendous advantage. Even then the Church could not claim for her children the plums to which they were entitled on the basis of numbers, but for the most part this was due to a lack of adequately trained people rather than to opposition from outside.

Today the material advantages gained in nearly sixty years of effort have been almost completely lost. The present German Reichstag contains only three men who formerly belonged to the Center party, and the Catholics who professed allegiance to the German Nationalist (Hugenberg) party have fared almost worse. Practically all positions they once held in the ministries, the judiciary and the various administrative organizations are now occupied by others. The political offices once held by the clergy are of course no more, although one prelate sits in the purely perfunctory Prussian Stattrat.

Even more impressive is the wholesale loss of smaller government jobs in cities, towns and villages. A whole thousand burgomasters were fired in Catholic Westphalia alone. As a result the plight in which many hundreds of once prosperous and influential citizens now find themselves beggars description. There are literally scores of younger men with families of small children who are without the slightest chance of finding any employment.

At present many are still eking out a living with the help of funds collected privately and distributed with a view toward alleviating the greatest need first. Others have turned to grotesque forms of labor. Thus a former authority on industrial relations is selling mass wines to his friends among the clergy, while one of the finest legal experts the republic possessed is operating a massage machine which his wife accompanies as masseuse. Not a few of those who possessed a little money have left to become pioneers in South Africa and Brazil. One of the most brilliant political thinkers I have ever met is now whacking down brush somewhere north of Johannesburg.

Particularly unfortunate are those public servants and university professors who once subscribed to the tenets of the German Catholic Peace Movement. As is well known, papal encyclicals during the years following the war enjoined the faithful to consider the cause of international peace a matter for ceaseless ethical concern. The response which this appeal received in Germany was hearty, all the bishops underwriting the movement. A large number of intellectuals, both clerical and lay, followed suit, and the Friedensbund became a genuinely active organization. Under

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a Nazi government, however, the fact that one has been a pacifist is a clear title to an economic death sentence. Few of these men and women were out-and-out anti-war—i. e., few of them would have balked at the oath which was so distressing to Mme. Schwimmer. And yet many of them have been literally hounded from pillar to post by arden patriots who, at least until recently, had not even smelled TNT.

Finally reference must be made to Catholics unfortunate enough to be wholly or partly of Jewish blood. Apparently the only thing left for these people to do, if they have been active in public or quasi-public life, is to go off somewhere and die. As Christians they have no share in the aid given by Hebrew relief associations. The Church is certainly not in a position to care for them. While the Concordat saved the financial structure upon which ecclesiastical activity as such must depend, the sources from which relief funds proper can be drawn have virtually dried up as a result of the loss of jobs and influence. Not a few Jewish converts were intellectuals—that is, they worked as journalists, artists, writers and teachers. Under the new cultural laws devised by Dr. Goebbels these people are as absolutely devoid of a future in Germany as Emil Ludwig himself.

Second, less obvious but more important is the change in the spiritual ministry of the Church. Religious journalism is today almost a thing of the past in Germany. Catholics still possess a number of daily papers, but every one of these is patently dying of inanition. The Berlin *Germania* is the organ of the Von Papen group, and is hardly read at all. In South Germany, where the struggle between Church and State has been fiercest, the Catholic journals interlard boiler plate from the propaganda office with inconsequential bits of church news. I have talked to a number of editors; and in all cases it was a matter of listening to a narrative of threats, failure and despair. The Rhenish newspapers are slightly better off, as indeed the country round about Cologne is in every way the safest place for Catholics in Germany today. The total effect of censorship is that criticism of government policies from the point of view of the Church cannot be found in the nation's press. By and large the people have no means of telling what their leaders think of sterilization, anti-Semitism and the like.

A seal has also been placed upon the lips of the priest. If he should preach on subjects adjudged political, he is immediately hustled off to a concentration camp. At least a hundred members of the regular and secular clergy have been put in jail. Some have remained there for weeks at a time, but—significantly enough—only one has been brought to trial. Naturally there is a great deal of straight talk in private circles, but the public speaking is now done exclusively by the brave old Cardinal Archbishops of Breslau and Munich. If it were not for these two (upon whom silence was unwisely and too long imposed) one might imagine that Catholicism was without an opinion on certain burning ethical topics of the day. There are, to be sure, a number of high-brow journals which keep pounding away rather stanchly, but these are read so little by the masses that it is apparently worth nobody's while to bother about suppressing them.

More dangerous still is the threat to the educational program of the Church. This was carefully planned to embrace both the training of children in school and in organizations, and the fostering of adult interest in religious, ethical and cultural problems. Today every young German who expects to get on in the world must become a member of the official Nazi "political education" groups. Of these the most dangerous is the Hitlerjugend, led by Baldur von Shirach, whose hostility to the churches is open and above board. While some improvement has lately been effected, there were whole months during which the activities of the Hitlerjugend were so arranged as to render impossible church attendance on Sundays. The official ethical teachings of this group are also decidedly primitive or worse, in so far as racial philosophy and such matters are concerned. Earnest Catholic parents said to me bitterly that they found themselves wishing their children had never been born. As for the teachers, any display of hostility to what many consider moral poison means dismissal.

Such in brief are a few aspects of the picture which is offered the unprejudiced visitor to contemporary Germany. What conclusions are to be drawn? It seems necessary to make a distinction. First, the Hitler government is from the political point of view a dictatorship, and there are not many Germans who believe that their country can afford the luxury of a democratic, parliamentary government. The majority probably feel that it matters relatively little who the dictator is, provided he has sufficient power to suppress violations of a code imposed upon all. There seems little doubt that Fascist rule, under one man or another, is going to stay in Germany for quite some time. Second, the Nazi creed is also a religion. It cannot be understood unless one is willing to grant to the group round about Hitler something akin to the spiritual ideology of Oliver Cromwell. Seen as a creed it is brutal, inchoate, fantastic but primitive. Against what it teaches, Catholicism, Protestantism and Judaism must stand allied, cost what it may. So far, the spoils of battle have gone to the Nazis, but it is ultimate victory which alone counts. The lot of German Catholics will not be easy—indeed, it may enlist the outraged sympathies of the world. Nevertheless, I do not believe in the permanence of bogus faiths.

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A YOUNG MAN'S VIEW

By NORMAN McKENNA

EVERY year the Catholic press wages a zealous campaign for more readers. And every year we hear the plaintive cry: "The people who should read Catholic magazines and newspapers do not, and those who read them, do not need them."

Is it possible that the Catholic press has weighed itself in the balance of public appeal and found itself not wanting? If so, I doubt that the self-examination was at all exhaustive or honest. If it were, there would have been disclosed a need that has gone without recognition or attention. I mean a magazine that will bridge the gap between the collegiate literary monthly, and the learned Catholic review, which serves the mature well but puts the younger mind to sleep.

In college, we have our magazines and newspapers which are quite sufficient in their sphere; when we leave college, we are asked to jump to the erudite, conservative Catholic periodical which has none of the vivacity, freshness and enterprise of youth. Briefly, we are tumbled through the years, tossed gently from our collegiate uneasy chair of investigation, to the comfortable, cushioned seat of impotent observation. And we distinctly do not like the climate of this particular realm of *dolce far niente*.

We are not as informed as our elders who furnish us with these periodicals, but learning is not all of life. It is well to know the how and why of depressions, of the rise and fall of governments, of changing political systems, to mention only current topics; all these things skilful writers will expound and describe for us. But what of the people who are doing these things, in politics, business and the professions? What of their lives—who will tell their story?

What of the Catholic youth who is politically minded, and finds he will have to check his ethics at the door of the District Clubhouse, if he wants to get along? What of the Catholic medical student who faces the ridicule of his fellows when he tries to defend his ethics before a scornful audience? What of the Catholic teacher who cannot hold class without endless interruption by some youthful radical who is bent on breeding class consciousness?

What happens to young Catholics after they have been duly diplomaed and ushered into the world? Who will write their story? Not the learned periodicals; it is not quite in their field. Not the diocesan newspapers—their serials concern people who live in far-off places, and in times long past. And may we find it in the Catholic novels?

This is what they have to offer: flashing swords and powdered wigs, fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, or if the exponents of sweetness and light deign to descend to this mundane, depressed world, they cry "Sanctuary!" and hie themselves to the nearest church, where, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, they follow our children to the Communion rail and back again. And by that token, gentle reader, you may know that Cousin Timothy has signed the pledge or spinster Aunt Sophronie's banns will be read shortly. Faith has been justified, and prayer has won the day. It always wins, in our pietistical magazines, and thereby inspires elderly but well-meaning ladies to regard heaven as a mail order house, which never fails to deliver the shipment of requested favors, albeit not always promptly.

And that is Catholic fiction of today. Certainly when one wants an escape from the travail of existence in these times, one has only to turn to the Catholic fiction writer. Theirs is a wonderful world, indeed: a world free of strife, of panics, and strikes, free of mortgages, evictions and writs of attachment; where misery is unknown, and the ubiquitious poor are admitted solely to light some unfortunate's way to salvation. So if you wish to get away from it all, reach then for a draught of medieval romanticism, or modern pietism, according to taste.

But that will not do for the young people. They have problems of immediate importance, problems which cannot be solved by abstract exposition of Catholic ethics. They know well enough what to do, and how to meet the problems confronting them, but they would like to read of other people facing and solving these problems. They want fiction of today. They want fiction with virility, vitality, action and thought.

And if there are no Catholic writers who will give them fiction such as they wish, they will turn with little ado to Hemingway, Lewis, Dreiser, and the like, and at those founts of doubtful wisdom wash down their idealistic hopes with the sparkling, bubbling waters of realism. Here, say what you will, they find potent waters—the waters of life, contaminated, perhaps, but anyway, moving. The very least that can be said of these writers is that their people live, and that is what youth wants to see.

Well, is there nothing thrilling in Catholic life, or must we leave the field to our Protestant friends? Was there no Catholic to write the story of the Catholic Irish lost among the Scandinavian Lutherans of the Northwest? That was left to Professor Rolvaag. He found drama in abun-

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dance there. And who will tell the story of the Catholic Poles slaving in the mines and mills of the East? Is there no one to chronicle the struggles of the Catholic professional man, striving to maintain his ethics, in a world having little use for ethics, and certainly not his kind? And most of all, what of the Catholic family with the dissenter in its ranks?

Who has told the story of the Catholic-bred atheist, who walks jauntily past the never-empty holy water fount at the door of his home? There is one, or more, in nearly every graduating class; so far as we know, the last chapter written in their lives is entitled: "Oh, yes, so and so has lost his faith." Of course, that is not the end of the story, but just what happens after that chapter, nobody knows; nobody has bothered to write that story. Is it drama that you want? Is it struggle, conflict, sacrifice, gallantry, bravery, that you want? Then put aside the wigs and ruffs, and get busy on 1933, in the United States of America.

But there is more to the complaint than that. There is a map to be studied, and a path to be picked, and youth is in a quandary. The world, it is plain, is at the crossroads of Catholicism and Communism. Which way to go? And if we go to the right, how far shall we go? Remember there are other roads flanking ours at some points, and at others, in the respectable tradition of roads, deviating far from ours. These are the lanes of isms—they are devious routes, and be they marked ever so plainly, foolhardy men nevertheless will venture upon them and, armed only with the staff of honest conviction, will set out to contradict history.

Not a few of these will be Catholics, and if our Catholic spurns his elder's slower pace, is that cause for wonderment? True, the elders have long trod that road, and they have kept it in good condition, but they have, alas, allowed men to raise signs by its side, signs which lead to false pathways. One to the holocaust of war; another to the abyss of 1929; another into the desert of the depression, where the mirages of distant wheat and cotton fields dance before men's eyes, wearied with the journey through unfertile land.

Definitely, government is turning to younger men, who will try new ideas, and new methods; therein youth will find some expression of its desire for change. But why try to ignore this quest for expression and action? Why not utilize it—harness the striving forces of youth and turn them to advantage?

If young people can find no forum for discussion inside the Church, they will find it outside, as they are doing now. But make no mistake about it: they will face clever enemies in the mixed forum, and the number of Catholics who have the ability or the desire to have the scornful soubriquet of "ecclesiastical lawyer" applied to them is not legion.

If the elder were as wise as he looks, he would pick up his staff and walk along with his junior. His slow steps might annoy his more vigorous companion, but they would, as well, keep the younger one on the road. On that basis, they might proceed. On the present basis, they are bound to separate.

Rather than let them separate, why not listen to the young one? Give youth its say in court. Let the young Catholic have his own soap box, and his own favorite corner, where he may gather all who will listen. Have no worries about which way he is going—to the left or right. It is a little too late to discover rickety tendencies after youth has left the halls of education. Granted his own forum, he will find there enough problems to hold his attention, without venturing off into the pastures on the left.

I doubt very much if the elders ever wanted him in their preserve anyway, and if he did get in, the first visit would be sufficient. Even youth has respect for the well-cultivated, well-nourished, and thriving flora he finds therein. But there are young plants as well, and if young plants sway a little with the cross breezes of the world, be it noted that their roots are deep in good soil.

A magazine, by and for Catholic youth, is a practical undertaking, and a sizable market awaits it; it remains only to translate it from imagination to reality. Ventures without half as large a natural public have succeeded.

In considering the idea, it might be well to keep in mind a qualified maxim: "A watched pot never boils *over*."

Sureties

Two things I wish to have by me
To the edge of eternity,

The sight of water and the high
Furrows leaned against the sky.

There is something whole and sweet
In furrows running till they meet.

There is no loneliness or trouble
Where water makes all beauty double.

The ages change and men, not these
Old testaments of sureties.

There is a covenant in these two
Leaves of life, the brown and blue,

Water, and the paralleled sod,
Scriptures from the hand of God.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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THE CHURCH OF THE MOSAICS

By DONALD ATTWATER

THE EXPERT labors of Mr. Thomas Whittemore and the generous donations of the Byzantine Institute of America for the uncovering of the mosaics in St. Sophia at Constantinople have suddenly made that church "news." Its name reminds us of the French preacher who exhorted the ladies of his congregation to imitate the virtues of Saint Sophia, "that illustrious matron who built so noble a temple to the glory of God." It is true that the martyrologies record several holy women of that name, but no one of them gave her name to the great church at Constantinople or had anything to do with the building of it. It was, in fact, dedicated to Holy Wisdom (i.e., to Christ as the Word of God), in Greek *Hagia Sophia*, which has been rendered in the West by Saint Sophia, Sancta Sophia, and similar barbarisms.

And it was built by the Emperor Justinian, who laid the foundation-stone in 532, so that last year was the fourteen hundredth anniversary. It passed almost unnoticed. This was a pity, for the Hagia Sophia is one of the three great churches of the Christian religion. It was to the East what St. Peter's at Rome is to the West; ecclesiastically it was second only to St. John Lateran; architecturally it surpasses them both, and in the history of architecture it is the most important church that has ever been built. It became the model for the ecclesiastical buildings of a whole great culture, and its influence passed far beyond the limits of the Byzantine Empire and to mosques as well as churches: in our own day we have heard a dim echo of it in the Catholic cathedral at Westminster.

Unlike so many great monuments of the past, the names of the master-builders are known to us: they are Anthemios of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus, both from the province of Caria in Asia Minor. They had one hundred foremen, under each foreman one hundred masons and bricklayers, and these ten thousand workmen built the church in five years. Unlimited money and the riches of the whole empire in marbles, gold and silver, ivory, and gems were put at their disposal by the Emperor, to clothe the body of brick.

It is almost square, with a vast central cupola and two half-cupolas east and west, "admirable and terrifying," looking as though they are hung in the air "by a golden chain from the heavens." Inside, not a square-inch was left undecorated, and of all its dazzling beauties none surpassed the mosaics, now to be displayed to our fortunate eyes.

It was dedicated to God on December 27, 537, and Justinian, that son of a Dardanian farmer, when he saw the work of men's hands that his power had made possible, went up into the pulpit and cried before the people, "Glory be to God, who has found me worthy to do this work! Solomon, I have beaten you!"

Not quite a thousand years later the voice of another conqueror was heard within those walls. On the morning of May 29, 1453, the last Christian Liturgy was celebrated there and the Emperor, Constantine XII Palaeologus, having received Communion, led out his 5,000 troops to meet the army of Turks who outnumbered them by fifty to one. Thousands of people fled to the church for refuge. The city was carried by assault. Constantine, the last Emperor of Rome, was killed fighting at the gate of St. Romanos, and the Turks surged over his body, leaving it unrecognizable but for the golden eagles on his shoes. They beat down the nine doors of the Holy Wisdom, burst in on the packed people, and gave themselves to slaughter, ravishment and pillage. In the midst of the carnage the Sultan, Mohammed II, rode into the church on horseback, forced his way up to the very sanctuary, and there, rising in his stirrups and balancing himself by resting a blood-stained hand upon a pillar, he shouted the confession of a new faith: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

The West, to its eternal shame, had done nothing to help the hard-pressed Emperor; only a handful of Italian soldiers, from the Pope and the Genoese republic, fought among the imperial troops to save the city which had conserved European civilization through the barbarian dark ages.

"They have taken the Holy Wisdom, the Great Church, which had three hundrd small bells and sixty-two great bells to ring. And when the Most Holy was taken and the Lord of the world went out, a voice came from heaven, heard from an angel's mouth: 'Leave off your chanting,' it said, 'set down the Most Holy. Send to the land of the Franks, and tell them to come here to take it, to take the golden cross and the Book of the Gospels and the holy altar, lest the Turks should destroy and defile them' " (from a contemporary poem). The appeal was in vain. The city of New Rome was lost to Christendom. "Bereft of her," says Léon Bloy, "the Middle Ages were as a huge tree whose roots had been severed."

From that day to this the Hagia Sophia is a mosque, the voice of an *imam* echoes within it, the walls are covered with the symbols of Islam, three minarets stand round about it, and the Christian Patriarch is banished to the Church of St. George in the Phanar. But at least its beautiful Christian mosaics are once more to be revealed.

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GOVERNMENT AND THE INVESTOR

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

ON MARCH 29, 1933, in a special message, President Roosevelt asked Congress to enact legislation "for federal supervision of traffic in investment securities in interstate commerce." The federal government should not be placed in the position of approving an issue of securities, nor of guaranteeing the maintenance of its value at a certain level, but it does face the obligation, declared the President, to insist that every issue of new securities sold in interstate commerce carry with it full publicity and information, and no essential fact relating to the new issue should be concealed from the buying public. Immediately following the Roosevelt message, a Federal Securities Bill was introduced in House and Senate. The day after the bill had been made public, the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency began hearings on the proposed legislation. Late in May the Securities Bill reached the White House after the differences between the House and Senate measures had been ironed out in conference, and the President signed it on May 27.

Congress has rarely acted with greater despatch on a piece of legislation so important in its economic implications as the Securities Bill. There were two reasons why it moved so swiftly. As the field marshal of the new deal, President Roosevelt had a popular support that virtually guaranteed a congressional O.K. on any measure for which he asked. Second, the collapse of security values, and the purchase by investors, during the boom which ended late in 1929, of billions of dollars of securities that had proven all but worthless, had dealt a terrific blow to the pocketbook nerve of the American people. A national headache had followed the spree of speculation, and gambling on stocks. The demand for protection of investors was both wide and insistent, and Congress, reflecting this demand, quickly approved the stricter regulations of the issue and sale of securities which the President had requested. Protests against ill-considered and overhasty legislation on the regulation of securities—a question of vital concern to American industry—received scant consideration, for Congress was in no mood to delay the extension to the investor of the fullest measure of federal protection. And sponsors of the Securities Act see additional proof of the need for such legislation in the disclosures before the Senate banking investigation.

Eight months practical experience with the Securities Act has nevertheless convinced many persons not only that the act should be modified and liberalized, but that as it stands on the statute books today, it is actually a barrier to full economic recovery because it has kept from industry the new capital needed for its forward march. The business and financial community, in general, have approved the objective laid down by President Roosevelt in his message on investment securities. Their quarrel is with the inhibitions, ambiguities and the excessively punitive provisions which the act now carries. As the United States Chamber of Commerce pointed out in December:

> Investigation of experience under the Securities Act points to the need for several changes in the statute if the present capital requirements of industry are to be met. The importance of providing new capital, as a means of encouraging expenditures for capital goods, and the more durable varieties of consumers in aid of reemployment and recovery is becoming more widely accepted. Since the passage of the act there has been an almost complete absence of conservative issues. There is growing recognition also that the act is defective even as a means of preventing fraudulent transactions.

The sharpest criticism has centered around the so-called liability clause in the act. Liability under the law covers not only losses which may be attributed to misstatements or the withholding of information, but also to losses which may occur as a result of a later economic change. To put it in another way, if it can be demonstrated that a fact was misstated, or an essential piece of information regarding an issue was withheld, in the prospectus, and then the bottom dropped out of the stock market later for some cause not connected with the misrepresentation of facts regarding that particular issue, the corporation and its officers and directors with the underwriters could be held liable for the whole loss. The Securities Act has placed on directors of corporations—who rarely stand to make a profit from the sale of a capital issue—a personal liability with attendant hazards that gives cautious men little incentive to serve industry as company or corporation directors. A special committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, discussing this point some months ago, said:

> Such liability, which can easily ruin any man, can be no substitute for the sound business judgment and the due diligence which are in the interest of the security holders of all classes in every corporation. It may very well result in the avoidance of security issues and the instability that would come from undue reliance upon bank loans, when good management and the interests of all existing security

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> holders would indicate that long term borrowing was desirable. In other countries, and in most states, numerous defenses are permitted directors and officials who use reasonable care, who rely upon statements of experts chosen with due diligence, and who show other good reasons in accordance with the principles of equity.

Proposals to amend the liability provisions have much support, in order to free officers, boards of directors and underwriters from personal liability on losses not directly attributable to misstatement, or the withholding of pertinent facts.

Under the existing law, again, liability may be imposed on a sub-underwriter for the total loss of an entire issue of securities. To illustrate, a sub-underwriter may handle $100,000 of a security issue amounting to $5,000,000 or more and if a loss occurs, and if a misstatement of fact can be established, he faces a liability for the loss on the entire issue. Some have advocated a change in the law which would permit, if not relieve altogether, the liability that now falls on underwriters. This is an example of several other provisions of the act which it is alleged are unfair, and which impose undue hazards on honest investment bankers and underwriters.

Its critics have marshalled much evidence to prove that the Securities Act is a barrier to industrial recovery. Liability and other provisions of the act, they maintain, have discouraged industry from trying to raise the capital needed for refinancing and expansion. The stream of capital issues has not dried up, but it has been running very thin since the Securities Act went into effect the end of May. Monetary uncertainty and market conditions, which have depressed the prices of good bonds, may be a contributing factor in the situation, but they can hardly explain altogether the drying up of the capital market. In the five months period beginning July 7, approximately $300,000,000 of new securities were registered with the Federal Trade Commission, excluding those registration statements that were withdrawn or denied. A considerable part of this total represented breweries, distillers and gold stocks—reflecting the stimuli of the repeal of prohibition, and the federal purchases of gold. Granted that the $10,000,000,000 of new securities issued in 1929 represented an abnormal and dangerously high level, it would nevertheless seem that the present security volume is far below the present financial requirements of American industry. Security issues registered with the Federal Trade Commission in November totalled $76,129,977 as compared with $39,154,601 in October. Brewing, distilling, and spirituous liquor, classified as one industry, ranked first in October, with 40 percent of the total, though the percentage dropped in November and manufacturing industries declined from about $17,000,000 to $12,000,000—a decline which seems to bear out statements of critics of the Securities Act that industry is hesitating to finance its recovery needs by private capital issues.

Confident that they stand on firm ground, in protecting investors against loss caused by high-pressured salesmen and promoters, sponsors of the Securities Act are ready to insist that more teeth be placed in the act instead of agreeing to any weakening amendments. They set little store on the validity of the objections to the act. Business, they argue, is affected rather by market conditions than by the Securities Act, and the investors, they say, have already been saved from several hundred million dollars of worthless issues. The Federal Trade Commission, charged with the duty of administering the Securities Act, has said, in its annual report:

> A proper and efficient administration of the act will prevent a large part of the frauds that have hitherto been practised upon the public through the sale of worthless securities.

The new deal, quite obviously, has essayed the rôle of champion of the "plain people" against the "money power," and friends of the act profess to see in the campaign for amendments the desire of the "money power" to resort again to its ancient methods of exploiting the public, to which the President again referred in his January message to Congress. They cite the fact that big corporations have the funds to employ legal counsel, and if the act is substantially modified, as for example by changing the liability feature, they argue that the big industrialists will be able, through their clever lawyers, to avoid liability for losses really due to misstatements or the withholding of information, by seeking to establish before the courts that "economic" conditions were the real cause of such losses.

In the current discussion of the Securities Act, it is important to bear in mind one of President Roosevelt's leading objectives, namely his determination to insist that hereafter the federal government shall have a voice in deciding how much new capital industry needs. The code authorities set up by the NRA will help to fix the capital requirements for each industry and the Federal Trade Commission may also later share in the decision. The "free use" of money has been ended as long as Mr. Roosevelt is at the helm in Washington; henceforth, the federal government will have something to say on the amount and type of corporate financing, with a view to preventing overexpansion beyond the consuming power of the country.

We must bear in mind also that the high command in Washington has placed emphasis on what it regards as the interests of the "common man" rather than on those of the capitalist and entrepreneur. We see this emphasis at many points,

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notably in the constant reiteration of Brain Trust members that the profit motive in industry, for the time being at least, is of minor importance. The entrepreneur and industrialist count for little in the scales, as they are weighted at present, and investment bankers have few friends at court when they complain to Washington about the Securities Act. Yet the profit motive cannot be disregarded, and there are many who believe recovery will come quicker if the administration gives assurances that it favors reasonable profits in industry.

The picture has another aspect, one which hereafter may give abundant justification to the warnings of critics of the Securities Act. The refinancing requirements of American industry, as the pace of recovery quickens, will be large. That these requirements exist has been recognized by the administration in the huge loans to industry, railroads, banks and other enterprises granted by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—for the first eleven months of 1933, totaling more than $1,643,302,000, or four times as much capital as industry was able to secure from private sources during the same period. These loans are public loans, granted by the Treasury, making the federal government the nation's banker as it never has been before in our peace-time history. The federal government is providing capital which industry ordinarily secures from private sources, and in so doing has become a competitor of private capital, in the money market and elsewhere. And by the same token, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other government lending agencies tend to increase the public debt, and a continued expansion of government lending may affect adversely public credit.

The replacement needs of American industry can be ascertained, over a period of years, more closely than the needs for expansion. Here the government takes the position, as stated above, that it will determine where expansion is needed in the interests of an ordered national economy. Granted that the objective is a laudable one, the fact nevertheless remains that government is no more wise than the sum of the individuals who collectively man its executive services. There is a real danger, warn many industrialists, that American business and industry will be throttled or choked by the development of a large and meddlesome bureaucracy, one that conceivably would in some measure be susceptible to political pressure. Why should we credit any group of government officials with the omniscience and the prevision to see ahead the industrial developments of tomorrow, and what reason is there to rely on their judgment as to the precise industries that merit new financing? World conditions may change overnight, giving the enterprising industrialist an opportunity to put thousands of Americans to work, supplying the needs of a newly opened private market. In the past the initiative of the American business man could be counted on to take quick advantage of sales opportunities offered. Can as much be predicted of a government bureau or commission in Washington? And should such a commission or bureau, in the public interest, be given the power to determine the flow of new capital? These are some of the broader considerations involved in the current discussions over the Securities Act.

The protection of the investors against fraud is a legitimate concern of the federal government, and in the past the government, one may concede, has fallen short of its full duty in providing such protection. But President Roosevelt made it clear, in his message to Congress last spring, that he wanted this protection given "with the least possible interference to honest business." His proposal to put the burden of telling the whole truth on the seller he said "should give impetus to honest dealing in securities and thereby bring back public confidence." Here in the final analysis is the crux of the controversy that centers around the Securities Act. The ambiguities of that act, the penalties imposed, and the hazards which it contains—all out of proportion to effective deterrents—government competition with private capital and the resultant evolution of the federal government into a money lender for industry, the discouragement of legitimate financial advertising, and finally, and perhaps most important, the accumulation of evidence that the Securities Act is acting as a barrier to normal economic recovery by blocking the revival of the capital goods industries, and hence of normal reemployment—these are all considerations which merit the careful consideration of Congress, detached from the mass emotionalism that accompanied public reaction to the much publicized errors of certain financiers. Capital has a vitally important function to perform in the rehabilitation of the shattered American economic system, and it is the plain duty of Congress to see to it that the Securities Act, in protecting the investing public, does not place unnecessary burdens on honest business, which has been cooperating so loyally in the general recovery program.

By Sailing

I found my country by sailing.
From an unknown shore I embarked on an unknown sea,
Entered many a distant port and city,
Talked with men and women strange to me.

Shipwrecked, rescued by a passing vessel,
Watchman, wheelman, mate, I worked my way
Back to the land I left, now known and longed for.
I found my country; I have come to stay.

MARIE GILCHRIST.

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MOTHER CABRINI

By CECILIA MARY YOUNG

A WOMAN now dead sixteen years is still vividly remembered for her acts of gentleness and humanity, and is spoken of by many who knew her as "a saint." After a lifetime of strictest seclusion and hidden good works, this woman has received as much publicity from the secular press as though she were a typical modern woman with a paid publicity agent. And yet Maria Francesca Cabrini disliked and shunned public notice of any kind. As a child and as a young girl she was so supersensitive and shy that to be singled out for any notice caused her real agony.

A preliminary hearing for the beatification of Mother Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, has been the occasion for the frequent and extensive notices given her in many of the daily journals and in a secular weekly. This hearing took place in Chicago in September and will continue at a later date. With characteristic exaggeration, the newspapers printed the premature news: "First American to be made a saint."

The Inquiry which will determine the heroic virtue of Mother Cabrini convened in the Columbus Hospital which Mother Cabrini founded and where she died, December 22, 1917. The reverend Postulator for the Cause, Father A. V. Simoni, and the Sisters were in despair over all the newspaper publicity. Many things were distorted and misrepresented as, for instance, the cost of the trial and Inquiry. Sensational aspects of Mother Cabrini's life were sought, while the small details and spiritual qualities of the nun's life were overlooked and eluded the reporter's broad strokes.

This remarkable woman who devoted her life to caring for the emigrant children of Italy—strayed and fallen away in other lands, where religion was forgotten or else stolen from their hearts by commercializing cults—was born in northern Italy, in the town of Sant' Angelo Lodigiano, a suburb of Lodi, Lombardy, July 15, 1850. At the hour of her birth a flock of white doves settled in the courtyard and refused to leave, and one of these doves her father, Agostino Cabrini, carried into the house just as the little girl was born. There may have been a sign from heaven in this, for of the presence of the Holy Ghost, of which the dove is a symbol, the child later experienced a remarkable perception.

The Cabrini family were extremely pious and devout Catholics, and Francesca, the youngest of thirteen children, showed no great signs of preordination, as many saints have displayed in childhood. She loved to pray, but that was not unusual, and she begged at the tender age of six to be allowed to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion. It was thought that she wanted to accompany her elder sister, Rosa, in this as in everything she did, so her elders waived her ardent request aside, believing that she did not understand the Great Sacrament as yet. Rosa was a second mother to the baby sister, fifteen years her junior, and she was very stern with her. Francesca must have been unusual and lovely to look upon, for she had soft golden curls and clear blue eyes and was dainty and diminutive of stature. For fear that her small sister might grow vain, Rosa diligently oiled the soft curling tendrils of hair and plastered it flat on Francesca's head.

At seven, Francesa was confirmed and from that day her whole being changed. She declared that she felt as though she were in heaven and described herself as being encompassed by a mantle of light. It was remarked that the child disciplined her will from this moment, went frequently to the church alone to pray, and made little acts of mortification. When she played with her dolls, as she loved to do, they were a religious community, or, more often, missionaries.

During the evening after supper, the family read aloud "The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." There was much discussion of China as a mission field and the very name held a magical sound for Francesca. Her heart swelled with the desire to help bring the Faith to that pagan land. The "Annals" related to her pitying ears that the little boys and girls had no sweets on fête days. Francesca, baby though she was, made up her mind to fast from sweets. When she went down by the river's edge to launch the small paper boats which she had fashioned at home with her little hands, in these she dropped violets destined for China and once or twice she parted with a beloved doll—a "missionary"—which she set in the boat laden with only heaven knows what messages, as it set sail for China. The paper boats always overturned with the dolls, but she never wept. Her interest and sacrifice bore fruit indeed, for years later her religious community founded an institute in that land.

Once she fell in the Lambro, which ran through her town, and had a scare which lasted for many years and gave her a dread of water.

Francesca was admitted to the Holy Table when she was nine. No one noted anything unusual about her. She was a quiet child and so shy she was actually afraid to lift her eyes when there were strangers about, for fear of being spoken to and having to give answer. Sometimes she could not speak from shyness. In this manner she grew up, and at nineteen bashfully expressed to her pastor her desire to be a nun. That year both her father and mother died within ten months of each other, and Francesca felt now she could leave home. But the priest feared she was not strong enough, for her health had never been robust. She did not insist as that would not be obedient. Once before she had told of her heart's desire, and had been cruelly rebuffed. On this previous occasion, meeting a missionary from the far-off East, she had ventured to murmur with blushes and hesitancy that she, Francesca Cabrini, wanted to be a missionary. "You! So ignorant! So tiny!" exclaimed the missionary.

Determined to get the best education a woman could in Italy, she completed a course at Arluna and a second normal course at Lodi. Most of the schools were secular and Catholic teachers were not favored. She always found time to visit the sick and took charge of an old man, abandoned and dying of cancer. In 1872 smallpox raged in the village. It was difficult and loathsome to

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nurse, and at last Francesca fell a victim herself. When she recovered, the teacher at Vidardo being ill, Signorina Cabrini went in answer to a call from the parish priest of that city to substitute; for she now had her coveted teacher's certificate. The rest sounds prosaic and commonplace enough: two years of teaching; then seeking admittance to an order called the Daughters of the Sacred Heart with whom she had studied at Arluno, and being refused because she was not strong enough; trying other orders in vain. It was true her health was poor and she was "so tiny."

Father Serrati, at the neighboring town of Codogno, sent for her to come there and assist a charitable woman who, with a few helpers, was trying vainly to maintain a shelter for orphans, in her own home. Francesca Cabrini was now twenty-four. She succeeded so admirably in getting discipline out of chaos that Father Serrati knew that no more obstacles should be put in the way of her true vocation.

"You are to be a missionary Sister," he told her. "I know of no missionary institute for women. Found one yourself."

But new foundations were looked on with dislike by the antagonistic Italian government. Signorina Cabrini found, quite miraculously, that back of the Church of Our Lady of Graces was an abandoned monastery, suppressed since the days of Napoleon. "Our Lady of Graces" had been her favorite title for Our Lady. Francesca, the timid, sought out the bishop and somehow persuaded him to buy the moldering old building for her convent; and the agents who bought the place from the religious-hating government officials, negotiated for a cement factory. What prophecy for Francesca's future work, for Providence had destined her to be a builder, "cementing" lost faiths and strengthening her own Italian people by the blending of her own religious and national zeal!

This first house was a school for girls and started from the humblest kind of beginning. Pupils flocked in great numbers and though Mother Cabrini (voted superior, of course, by her handful of followers) was often ill, still she directed everything and could turn her hand to anything, from fine sewing to work in the chicken yard, from lessons in the schoolroom to the interviewing of bill collectors. And there was always money supplied from an apparently empty cash box when these collectors, as collectors will, became insistent.

From this foundation at Codogno went forth the shy little nun—with that "lovable Italian face, so human yet so straightforward, so collected and determined and yet so friendly, so courageous and so gentle,"—to face bankers for loans, landlords for concessions, and bishops for permission to found orphanages, schools and hospitals, all in strange lands, in order to gather closer to her Master's Sacred Heart the unfortunate exile, the Italian laborer and miner, the humblest immigrant. In England, in Spain and France, in South and Central America, in Panama and finally in the United States—four hundred foundations in all were made, and every one of them was visited and founded by that same Francesca who became frightened at the sight of water.

Says Father Martindale, her English biographer: "She was one of the marvellous women of the nineteenth century, whom the fragrance of Saint Thérèse of Liseux must not make us miss."

She died, a few days before Christmas, sitting in her chair—active to the last, in the hospital which she had built in record time, twelve years before. It is still noted for doing more charitable work than any other private hospital in Chicago, thus carrying on her memory.

Her body lay in state for four days and then was carried to New York City, to the first hospital she had founded for immigrants from Italy where all were nursed free. This was the beginning of her hospitals in America, 1892, when the world was celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the Italian navigator, Christopher Columbus. When the lid of her coffin was closed after the ten days she had lain in state, her sweet face remained unchanged. She was buried in the chapel above the cemetery at West Park, where her remains will be identified and translocated according to the ritual of the Inquiry.

During the Inquiry at Chicago the required number of first class miracles have, as far as can be humanly ascertained, proved the authenticity of the cause of Mother Cabrini's beatification. A baby, blinded by the application of too strong a solution of nitric acid, had his eyesight restored after the intercession of Mother Cabrini was asked. This child, Peter Smith, a splendid and charming boy so I am told by one who has met him, came to Chicago as a witness from his home in New York, and this lad of twelve had perfect vision and "eyes as blue as the eyes of Mother Cabrini."

A nun of Seattle, a member of this missionary order, after four major operations was pronounced in a dying condition by all the doctors and rallied after receiving the last sacraments and through the intervention of Mother Cabrini. The doctors who attended her came to the Inquiry and added their medical testimony.

The writings of Mother Cabrini have been collected, her letters and all manuscripts relating to her. A long and formal document written in Latin was sent from the Vatician decreeing that her life be examined. This was published and a copy stands just outside the chapel of the Chicago Columbus Hospital. Upon the successful completion of the Inquiry, it is hoped that the Congregation of Rites, with the approval of the Reigning Pontiff, will declare her worthy of the title, "Blessed."

Dark Hours

Heart, do not barter these for hours of mirth,
They were the prelude of a Christmas morn,
They were the price Love paid for love's rebirth
And for the peace that holds a heart that's torn.

So falter not in faith, large hope renew,
For faith can move the mountains, so He said.
Though hungry fields are all that lie in view,
A miracle of loaves five thousand fed.

SISTER MARY EULALIA.

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MODERN MASS MUSIC

By ALASTAIR GUINAN

THE CHIEF characteristic of the laws which govern music in its relation to the Catholic Liturgy is their freedom from irritating minutiae of direction: they are content with the expression of general principles. Thus the "Instruction on Sacred Music" of Pope Pius X requires that the musical setting of a liturgical text be holy (that is to say, it must agree with the text); be true art; and be of a character to appeal to varying types of hearers. Beyond this the document does not go. Despite the fact that zealots are fond of quoting it in defense of a "plain song only" policy, it is difficult to understand how anyone, studying the "Instruction" in the light of kindred documents (earlier decrees on sacred music and the prescriptions of the liturgical books), can arrive at any conclusion but that it expresses simply the most general principles; principles, moreover, which were not new when they were promulgated by Pius X but were quite in keeping with traditional theory. The prescriptions of the "Instruction" are to be interpreted as applying not to the outward form of a musical composition but to its essence.

With the means, as such, by which composers express the words of the Liturgy, ecclesiastical lawgivers have no concern; nor have they legitimately laid claim to any. From the viewpoint of canon law—let us remember that the late Doctor Adrian Fortescue has reminded us that all rubrics are but special cases of Canon Law—it is a matter of indifference whether the "Gloria in excelsis" be clothed in the simple plain song melody called the "Ambrosian," in the elaborate melismatic chant of the "Missa Magnae Deus Potentiae," in the polished polyphony of Palestrina's "Missa Papae Marcelli," in the German classicism of Anton Bruckner's "Mass in F Minor," or in the strange, new harmonies of a strictly modern composition like Hendrik Andriessen's "Missa in festo Assumptionis." Let the music express the text: it is holy; let it conform to the canons of the style to which it belongs: it is true art; let it appeal to its hearers: it is universal. Evidently, laws so truly Catholic leave open a large field for personal taste; and this is well: it is desirable that the artistic judgment of the musician be allowed full scope.

What we need is not more "White Lists of Approved Music" but more, and many more, competent choirmasters who are able to select suitable music without specific directions from the diocesan authority, and more choirs capable of singing in inspiring fashion. This elementary principle the reforming enthusiasts seems unable to understand: they suffer from a desire for too much direction, and this not only for themselves. Well and truly is it said that what the reformer effects is often worse than the abuse which he sets out to correct: in a state of laxity there is at least a chance that someone may independently achieve notable results; where the lines are strictly marked out by the rigorists, the artistic spirit will not flourish and no one will achieve anything but mediocrity. "Parnassus," Rose Macaulay makes Milton say in "The Shadow Flies," "must be free; it can't be scaled by climbers with chains clanking on 'em."

Perhaps no document was ever more perverted and misquoted than the Pian "Instruction." It has been made to serve as authority for the narrowest and most absurd of views: one zealous individual announced, on its publication, that the Holy Father had condemned modern sacred music because it had been derived from the dance. There is, of course, nothing whatever in the document which may be adduced in support of this ridiculous idea.

Recent writers have dwelt with unnecessary emphasis on what they call the "impersonal character of the Liturgy and of plain song." Nor have they neglected to bemoan "the inability of modern composers to write in an impersonal manner." To my mind nothing can be more mischievous than undue insistence on the idea that the Liturgy is impersonal. This notion, in which there is a germ of truth, is one of those ideas of which Cardinal Newman said that to explain them adequately it is necessary to explain them away. Because the Liturgy is a corporate act, it does not thereby cease to be a personal act on the part of each doer. It grew out of the personal devotion of generations of Christians. All the prayers and texts have strikingly personal applications, as may be seen by anyone who reads them even cursorily.

We enrich the common personality (not the impersonality) of the Liturgy by allowing to become absorbed in it our dedicated personalities. Not by frustration but by fulfilment do we achieve the summit of our desire when we say: "Cupio dissolvi, et esse tecum." Each of us by bringing to the body mystic the full fruit of his personality accomplishes his part in the corporate act. This the composers of the best plain song (which constitutes perhaps one-fourth of the entire corpus, the remaining three-fourths being the work of the imitators) fully understood: they, at least, had no illusions regarding the "impersonality" of the medium with which they worked. They strove after dramatic emphasis and achieved it in a remarkable way.

One has only to consider such melodies as the Sequence "Victimae Paschali laudes" as the type of high jubilation, and the Gradual "Christus factus est" as the type of meditative sadness and holy awe (the third section, of course, has a triumphal character all its own in harmony with the thought, "Deus exaltavit illum . . ."), to understand that the composers of these melodies were thinking, not impersonally, but in distinctly personal fashion: they hoped, by recording in tone pictures their personal reactions to the words, to intensify the meaning of those words and to bring this meaning to each of their hearers in a personal way. It is so that each member of the body makes his personality a part of the corporate act; not by extinguishing it, but by dedicating it. All do this: the composer, the singer, the hearer, each in his own fashion.

The idea of an impersonal genius is an absurdity: a genius is one who is personal to a degree greater than is the ordinary man; such in music is Palestrina who is, in some ways, the most personal of all composers. In Manzoni's splendid phrase a genius is one "in whom the Creator has been pleased to stamp a larger imprint of his spirit." Theoretical word spinning about the imperson-

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ality of liturgical music must, I think, go the way of philosophical abstractions. The theory is a vain thing, fondly invented: it has no vital connection with reality.

Now, to recall another profound saying of Cardinal Newman's, plain song "is but a *style* of music." What the plain song composers did (and did in a way wholly admirable) with the means at their disposal, modern writers of liturgical music have done by employing the more developed resources of the art. There will be, and there is room for, much difference of opinion as to the measure of their individual success; but certainly there is no excuse for the opinion, advanced as an infallible dictum, that the Spirit speaks only through the music of the eleventh century. "Spiritus, ubi vult spirat." No age enjoys a monopoly of devotional expression, and no one, whatever may be his personal preference, ought declare that only the ancient style of church music is suitable to accompany liturgical functions; for, as Monsignor Hugh Thomas Henry wrote in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of January, 1895, "It is the heart service, and not the lip service, that God is pleased with. Whether it be Palestrina, or Haydn, or Cherubini, or Aldega, or the Mustafas and Capoccis of today, provided they write masses within the lines of liturgical directions and a large sense of propriety, their music is not unfit for divine service amongst the various peoples by whom these various styles are respectively admired."

To adopt a pre-Raphaelite attitude toward church music is, of all things, the most undesirable. Indeed, in a recent address, His Holiness the Pope has spoken in a thoroughly disparaging manner of archaicism in the arts. All reversions to the past, unless they inspire us to further creative efforts, are simply sterile backwaters for the intellectually dormant.

On the Continent, there has been, in the past twenty years, much fruitful activity in the development of ecclesiastical music not only along traditional lines but in experimentation with new forms. In the Netherlands and Belgium, Jan Nieland, Canon Julian van Nuffel, Joseph Reylandt and Hendrik Andriessen have produced excellent settings of the Mass in a thoroughly modern idiom. I mention these four particularly because some of their works lie beside me as I write. There are other composers in Germany, in Austria, in Italy and in France who have made valuable contributions to this new movement. That it is a movement of real value is obvious: people of the modern world will more readily understand that which is presented to them in a modern style. To confine the ministry of music to one style would be as though preachers were to deliver to the average American congregation sermons writ in Ciceronian Latin or in the English of Chaucer's day. We must not forget that an ancient idiom has large disadvantages. In the Catholic unity there is place for the new as well as for the traditional.

In the United States, it seems that we are content not only to abstain from creative work; we do not even perform the new works which the composers of other nations are giving to us. (That certain Protestant Episcopal organizations, St. Dunstan's College in Providence Rhode Island, for example, do give performances of these new works is not to the point of the present argument which is concerned with the state of musical affairs within the Roman communion.) I have spoken with Catholic choirmasters who have not so much as heard of any of the composers I have mentioned above. Some defend this apathy on the plea of wishing to keep to the well-trodden paths. The choir that is truly Catholic will not confine itself to one school of composers; it will take as its motto the words of Saint Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

COMMUNICATIONS

PAINTED WINDOWS

Long Island City, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. D'Ascenzo's letter, directed against the article, "Painted Windows," in which Mr. Lavanoux poked mild fun at the glass-making fraternity, reminds one anew that it is usually the unaffected person that grabs the proverbial hat of criticism, trys it on, and decides it fits. As a matter of serious fact, the condition of the decorative arts in this country, and the method of exploiting them, is a far more amusing and unedifying spectacle than a person possessing Mr. Lavanoux's charity and information would care to describe. Mr. D'Ascenzo contributes his own bit of humor. One wonders if it is with tongue in cheek or unknowingly that he suggests artistic leadership coming from those of my own profession of architecture? Certainly, leadership by any qualified group would be helpful in reforming the moribund decorative arts in this country. What I suspect Mr. D'Ascenzo to mean, however, is the perpetuation of that hocus pocus that passes for esthetic erudition among architects, interior decorators and others, and what they sustain with a solemnity unintentionally comic. May we be preserved from it!

Considering the tone of Mr. D'Ascenzo's letter, it is scarcely sporting of him to take THE COMMONWEAL to task for publishing such matter as Mr. Lavanoux's article, which possessed an urbanity of tone in pleasant contrast to the attack on it. If we must have a sacred cow, and there seems to be developing a Fascist-Communist type of mentality that regards criticism as treasonable, let us elevate to that revered position something more worthy of concern than the work of the glass-making fraternity, whose principal contribution to American art has been making new windows look old.

BARRY BYRNE.

Geneseo, Ill.

TO the Editor: In the December 15 number, Nicola D'Ascenzo criticized an article on "Painted Windows" by Maurice Lavanoux, saying, "It is to be regretted that such articles, even though cleverly written, are published." Mr. Lavanoux has done a great service to church art by his writing and everything that he writes is well worth publication. Mr. D'Ascenzo states that great progress has been made in the past twenty-five years. He

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should have given some of the credit to Mr. Lavanoux. Progress is made only by the introduction of new ideas. If a workman in a window studio spent his life in making copies of windows in a certain thirteenth-century cathedral or in making copies in glass of Raphael's "Transfiguration," at the end of twenty-five years he would have contributed nothing to the window-making art. But if he brought out new or richer colors or discovered new burning processes or a better method of leading there would have been progress in his work.

The principle, "We follow architects: we do not precede architecture and its creator, the architect," will forever prevent worth-while work. In the thirteenth century the master builder decided the outline and the amount of space for the wood-carver or glazier and left to them the treatment of their subjects. A modern architect may have definite ideas about the colors wanted in a window or wish a perpendicular effect or a bizarre treatment in a certain project, but the beauty of the windows is due to the artistic skill of the worker in glass. A glazier who waits for definite and complete instruction will not be chosen by a capable architect. I was asked to give the point of view of a clergyman. If I were having a church built and wished a subdued effect in the windows, I would specify the product of a firm known for that style of work. For a brilliant jewelled effect another firm would be chosen. A window maker, who had no definite ideas but tried to please all customers in good taste or bad, would be excluded from consideration.

This question is a very important and fundamental one. Self-satisfaction of artists in things as they are will prevent good work. A desire for improvement will bring results. Whatever improvement there has been in this country is due to a recognition of faults. For many years there was no criticism and therefore art was a misnomer.

The philosophy of art is all important. The work of the mind is more important than that of the hand. When all artists cease going back five or six centuries for inspiration and strive for conservative originality, the standard of excellence will be much higher.

FRANK BRANNACH.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It did not occur to me that my article on "Painted Windows" in THE COMMONWEAL of October 13, would be taken so seriously and I was surprised to read Mr. D'Ascenzo's epistle of December 15.

I find it a bit difficult to reply adequately to Mr. D'Ascenzo's accusations because, to do so convincingly, I would be obliged to disclose many other foibles of the mandarins of the stained-glass craft. The last accusation I thought I deserved, however, is that I fail in appreciation of what the craft stands for. For the past ten years I have been in intimate contact with most of the studios in the East, and the opportunities for travel have enabled me to study at leisure the masterpieces in the French cathedrals. I have often discussed the craft with leading exponents and several times I have been the recipient of flattering remarks concerning this very question of appreciation. Can it be that I am right only when I am in agreement, and wrong when I venture to express personal opinions?

When the architect is concerned, I ventured the remark that under present conditions the architect must assume the rôle of bandmaster, but I did not claim that the architect was always the "papa" where glass is concerned. I am quite willing to concede that some architects do not know enough about stained glass and that, in many cases, the craftsman may rightfully wish for complete independence. On the other hand, I know of a large church in the West in which the design of the windows did not follow the expressed wishes of the architect. And in this case, the architect knew glass, and the artist was one who continually prates on his respect for this particular architect's sympathetic understanding of the craft.

I can assure Mr. D'Ascenzo that I am aware of the wishes of the Pope concerning certain extreme examples of modern art and I know that the "prescriptions of canon law" allow full liberty to the artist who is intelligent and sincere. As a matter of fact, this question was discussed quite fully in the editorial of the October, 1932, issue of *Liturgical Arts*, the organ of the Liturgical Arts Society, of which I am secretary. This editorial was based on a study of an illustrated article in a German Catholic [illegible], *Der Filmvorführer*, which was discussed in the *Osservatore Romano*. Mr. D'Ascenzo observes that "glass may be found in modernistic architecture, but both building and glass fail to give me the desired thrill. Some of it is at its best very commonplace." I don't know where Mr. D'Ascenzo has been looking but it has recently been my good fortune to visit a modern church in Wisconsin in which the glass was of a modern character. The figures in these windows were drawn in a bold manner and thoroughly in keeping with the modern architecture of the building. The artist, in this case, does not belong to the élite. He is merely an individual. This particular parochial group was like a breath of fresh air. Then in Chicago I visited another modern church in which the windows, designed by a pseudo-modern traditionalist artist, do violence to the architecture.

Furthermore, modern glass may be quite at home in a Gothic or even a Romanesque [illegible] as shown in some of the reconstructed churches [illegible] northern France. I remember a small country church about twenty-five miles from Nancy, the style of which was "early"—very early—and yet the windows were quite modern, consisting of rather large sheets of glass, pure color without benefit of "smooch"; the drawing of the figures was again bold and straightforward. Another breath of fresh air!

Here is another instance. Before my visit to France in 1925 I was violently taken to task by a stained-glass artist for objecting to the use of "smeachy patina." I do not mean the sort of thing done by painting cross-hatched lines or any other clean cut way of breaking up the light. What I have in mind is the method of spreading paint on the glass with a brush and then messing it around with the palm of the hand. This artist assured me that I did not know what I was talking about and then advised me to study the old windows in the French cathedrals. Fortunately I was able to spend two weeks in Reims and had

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the opportunity to browse around in the studio of M. Jacques Simon who was then engaged in the work of restoring the windows in the cathedral. In the studio I was surrounded by buckets of old glass and was able to study the effect of corrosion on these old pieces of glass. I discussed this question of patina with M. Simon and he told me that he felt quite sure that very little, if any, of it was done in the "early" days. I exclude, of course, the method of cross-hatching. To prove my point on this side of the water I asked M. Simon to make a facsimile of one of the circular panels of the great window. This panel is evidence enough that the patina—even on a facsimile which, naturally enough, is made frankly as a copy of the original—is much less than that formerly used in this country. I write "formerly" advisedly because I find that "smooch" is less in favor these days. In years past the usual excuse for this patina was that the light in this country was much stronger than the light in France—but I wonder whether the real reason is that the craftsmen of old liked strong, pure, unadulterated color. They accepted "new" windows and allowed time to do the rest. And perhaps the glass makers ought to improve the quality of their product.

I hardly think it regrettable that critical, and even slightly ironical articles on the craft and its exponents are published. The sympathies of the public will not be alienated; rather, I would hazard the guess that the layman would respect the craft if the craftsmen themselves would step down from their hobby horse and acquaint the public with what goes on. I once entertained the hope of doing this work as editor of the *Stained Glass Bulletin* but, a few weeks ago and prior to all this fuss, I resigned because I found it impossible to continue merely as the echo of a select group.

Finally, I can assure Mr. D'Ascenzo that I really admire much of the work done in this country. As a matter of record, I may note that a few moments before I had received the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of December 15, in which appeared Mr. D'Ascenzo's letter, I had written to him to say how much I had admired his windows in the chapel of the Canterbury School when I had seen them for the first time on the occasion of the dedication of the new altar.

Continual back-slapping will not get us anywhere. Frank discussion and a sense of humor are also needed.

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

CATHOLIC READING

Saint Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: That to Mr. Alan Rumford, who asks "what are the most important books for a Catholic seeking an adult, well-informed attitude toward the world he lives in?" no one has recommended Dante, seems to me shocking. "The world he lives in" demands reference to Dante's essential cosmology, and one of the most interesting papers which THE COMMONWEAL has published in the past year or two was that in which the "De monarchia" was read with a view to the present political and economic crisis.

Mr. Rumford asks for ten titles, and I give ten. I am sure that modern writers whose work has been recommended to him will not feel that injustice has been done them in favor of antiquity. "Adult, well-informed attitudes" are not achieved by neglecting the past.

Saint Augustine, "Confessions";
Dante, "Inferno";
Dante, "Purgatorio";
Dante, "Paradiso";
Dante, "De monarchia," translated by Wicksteed in "Latin Works of Dante," Temple Classics edition; it is likely to be agreed that this edition is the best for the layman for all of Dante;
Pascal, "Pensées";
Newman, "Grammar of Assent";
Maritain, "Three Reformers";
Gurian, "Bolshevism";
Dawson, "Christianity and Sex."

CRAIG LADRIÈRE.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Here is another reply to Mr. Alan Rumford's request for a list of ten Catholic books:

Emil Bauman, "St. Paul";
J. Jorgensen, "St. Francis of Assisi";
Jacques Maritain, "The Angelic Doctor";
Henri Bremond, "St. Francis de Sales";
Agnes Repplier, "Mère Marie of the Ursulines";
Father Scott, "St. Isaac Jogues";
Dr. James J. Walsh, "Mother Alphonsa";
Hilaire Belloc, "Europe and the Faith";
G. K. Chesterton, "The Resurrection of Rome";
Christopher Dawson, "The Modern Dilemma."

This list, chiefly of biographies, is taken almost at random from the great wealth of modern Catholic writing. Miss Repplier's "Mère Marie" is especially welcome to those who enjoyed Miss Willa Cather's delightful "Shadows on the Rock." The time is one generation earlier.

For lovers of poetry, a timely thought is to reopen the neglected pages of Louise Imogen Guiney. So few people seem to know her. Also there has recently come out a one-volume edition of the collected verse of Chesterton—a treasure-house of versatile delights.

As for Catholic novels, subject of such intense debate, I would like to nominate the following:

G. K. Chesterton, "The Flying Inn," "The New Don Quixote" and the Father Brown stories;
Compton Mackenzie, "Rogues and Vagabonds";
Maurice Baring, "The Coat without a Seam";
Sigrid Undset, "Kristin Lavransdatter" (still her best, to my mind, as far as I have gone).

To THE COMMONWEAL I owe ever grateful thanks for its guidance to the treasures of Catholic literature. To most of the books above, and to a few score more, I have been directed by your articles and reviews. And one word more: Congratulations on the beautiful Christmas number!

GRACE BREWSTER.

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A CRADLE OF CATHOLICISM

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: Due to the fact that my reply to a criticism of my paper, "A Cradle of Catholicism" has not appeared in THE COMMONWEAL, though the points in question bear some little significance, may I ask that the following notice be given consideration.

I made mention of the fact in the June 2 issue, that General Thaddeus Kosciuszko, worshipped at Old St. Joseph's, in Philadelphia. Reverend Schrott, O. S. B., replied that as St. Mary's across the way was generally used for public services, most likely the American patriot attended there rather than at Willing's Alley. The truth is that St. Joseph's and St. Mary's were two altars of the one parish, administered by the same clergy. At the period of which I wrote, the American Revolution, the history of St. Joseph's comprised St. Mary's, the Sunday altar. During the week St. Joseph's was used for Mass, by all the priests. Now in Philadelphia, Kosciuszko lived at the rear entrance of St. Joseph's, while St Mary's was almost two blocks distant. It was not unusual for Kosciuszko to visit the church on week days. We know for certain that he brought his Portuguese chaplain, the Abbé Correá, "the most remarkable man alive," to the Jesuits, at St. Joseph's in Willing's Alley, where Kosciuszko was a very appreciative friend of the Fathers, whose spiritual brothers taught him at the College of Brzsec, in Lithuania. Then, the chronicler of the parish, Father Jordan, made record "that the Jesuits praised the piety of Kosciuszko." This would infer more than mere Sunday presence at Mass, at St. Mary's. Nevertheless, the fact that both these chapels were one parish would readily allow a mention of Kosciuszko in a history of St. Joseph's.

Again, with the specific mention of Revolutionary characters, Catholic and non-Catholic, and facts that had a bearing only in showing the relations of the Church with the State, it is quite evident that my intended purpose, in the article, was to reveal the associations of Catholicism with Americanism. I could not write a history of St. Joseph's in four brief columns. Had I attempted to do so, I certainly could not be excused for omitting such names as Father Barbelin, pastor for twenty-five years, and called "The Apostle of Philadelphia." As my article was clearly not a history of St. Joseph's, it was unfair that Father Schrott should send a plea for "good history," and complain that one of his favorites was not named, in the article, and another not given greater consideration.

Finally, coincident with the celebrations of the second centenary of St. Joseph's, the United States was planning to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the citizenship of Kosciuszko. Thus I took occasion to treat of both events, so singularly united in time and place. This and the further complaint, by my critic, that undue space was given to "America's Illustrious Defender," betokens his inability to distinguish between indexed, referenced, and documentary history and timely chronicle, which last my paper but claims to be, with all respect to the importance of the subjects which gave me inspiration.

J. LEO J. WASHILA.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Critics and "Days without End"

LAST week I had the rare privilege of writing about Eugene O'Neill's "Days without End"—a play the like of which Broadway has not seen for many years. The critical comments on this play in the New York daily newspapers have been no less astonishing than the play itself. For the most part they have taken issue squarely with the dean of American dramatic critics, H. T. Parker of the Boston *Transcript,* and with Elinor Hughes, the dramatic critic of the Boston *Herald.* These two Boston critics hailed the play as one of O'Neill's most remarkable achievements. New York critics, with one or two notable exceptions, professed to find the play poorly written. At least one of them went so far out of his way as to discuss the abstract value of religious faith itself and to point out that "faith is a belief in something that is apt to be untrue, and a belief in something that is apt to be untrue is, at its most efficacious, an unreliable opiate against reality." Others professed to see little or no drama in Mr. O'Neill's portrayal of the struggle of man to regain his faith.

I cannot say that the New York critical reaction is entirely unexpected. The trouble, as I see it, is this—that the reality of the struggle toward faith is exceedingly remote from the Broadway consciousness. It is accepted as something which obviously does go on in the world but with which most people are familiar only in terms of poetry or in terms of psychological dissection. If, as one must assume from the tone of many of the reviews, the writers of them agree more or less with the critic who openly discounts the importance of faith itself, then, it is very easy to understand why they should regard the struggle of Mr. O'Neill's hero as being much ado about nothing. They cannot be expected to see the inherent dramatic power of the struggle itself any more, let us say, than the man who has never been in love could understand the drama in a love story. Faith cannot be made objective in material terms. The inherent dramatic values in "Days without End" are therefore lost to those who either have no faith or have never experienced it.

In fairness, then, both to Mr. O'Neill's extraordinary play, and to the critics who do not see its inner beauty and dramatic strength, we can only accept the fact that when two groups of people do not speak the same language of the soul, it is very hard for them to discover a plane of mutual understanding. But the critics do not form the entire audience of today's theatre. One of them, in fact, was fair enough to report that, as he left the theatre, the first night audience was applauding quite "rapturously." Since then I have made it a point to gather reports concerning subsequent audiences and the feelings of many individuals, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew or agnostic. There are some who frankly dislike the play because of all it represents in the idea of surrender to Christ crucified, and in the idea that sin is something to be taken seriously; others animated by no particular re-

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ligious faith find the play exceedingly moving as a straightforward and human document of the soul. Still others have found it to contain a personal message of extraordinary comfort and illumination, but I have yet to meet the person, or to hear of the person, who remained unstirred during the great dramatic struggle which Mr. O'Neill has portrayed in so masterly and sincere a fashion. The word of mouth comment is usually to this effect: "What could the critics have meant?" The true answer is, I think, to be found in the opinion of Mr. Parker, who viewed the play without the mental hazards of the New York first nighters. He considers it to be one of Mr. O'Neill's most important plays. If I am not greatly mistaken, the verdict of New York theatre-goers will be the same. It remains my firm conviction that in this play Mr. O'Neill has achieved a degree of spiritual as well as dramatic triumph which sets "Days without End" above and apart from any play he has written.

Monte Carlo Ballet Russe

IN THE history of ballet in America the two most memorable occasions were the appearance of Pavlowa and Mordkine in 1909, and the arrival a number of years later of the Diaghilev Ballet Russe. To affirm that the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe will be as memorable, would be absurd, and yet not since the Diaghilev dancers has New York seen a ballet as pleasing as that directed by Colonel de Basil. There is in it no Pavlowa, Mordkine, or Nijinski, and neither in size nor in richness of costume does it approach the Diaghilev Ballet, but it has a charm and intimate quality all its own, and in Leonide Massine it possesses a *maître de ballet* of the first order, as well as an artist who is a splendid solo dancer. And Mr. Massine has admirable co-workers in David Lichine, Leon Woizikovsky and Irina Baronova. The last indeed, a sixteen-year-old girl, has possibilities of rivalling the great *prima ballerinas* of the past. She possesses exquisite grace and charm and extraordinary muscular control. Her slow dance with Lichine in "Beach" is one of the most perfect things ever seen by an American audience.

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe is a White Russian organization, but this does not mean that it is artistically a reactionary one. In such ballets as René Kerdyx's "Beach," with music by Jean Francaix, it is in spirit quite up to the minute. But, throughout, its dancers are grounded in the traditional technique of the ballet of the past, which is, after all, the grammar of the dance. Yet once knowing that grammar, the dancers have not been afraid to venture into the creation of works which at times set the old rules at defiance. And so side by side with the classicism of Goldoni's "Scuola de Ballo" and the romanticism of Strauss's "Le Beau Danube," they give the jazz of "Beach." A Soviet Ballet is shortly to arrive in America, and it will be interesting to see whether this organization has completely discarded the traditional technique. Meanwhile those who believe in tradition vitalized by the present will do well to see the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. (At the St. James Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

BOOKS

Oxford and Elsewhere

Northern Catholicism: Centenary Studies in the Oxford and Parallel Movements; edited by N. P. Williams and Charles Harris. A publication of the Literature Committee of the English Church Union. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE SEVENTEEN chapters by different authors, which make up this book, fall into two classes: one dealing strictly with the Oxford Movement, the other with the Parallel Movements, that is, with what is called the Catholic Revival. The editors are N. P. Williams, D. D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and Charles Harris, D. D., Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral.

The Oxford Movement is discussed under the following headings: "The Genesis of the Oxford Movement"; "The Revival from 1845-1893": "The Oxford Movement in the Empire and in the Mission Field"; "The Theology of the Catholic Revival"; "The Moral Ideals and the Aim of the Movement"; "Pastoral Ideals and Methods of the Movement"; "The Development and Deepening of the Spiritual Life"; "Revival of the Religious Life"; "The Social Aspects of the Catholic Revival"; "The Spiritual Independence of the Church"; "The Aesthetic Side of the Oxford Movement"; "The Oecumenical Ideals of the Oxford Movement." The chapters on the Parallel Movements are: "The Catholic Revival in the American Church, 1722-1933"; "The Catholic Movement in German Lutheranism"; "The High Church Movement in the Dutch Reformed Church"; "Catholic Ideals in the Church of Scotland"; "Methodism and the Catholic Tradition." The Foreword by Dr. Williams, one of the editors, and an Appendix containing an "Outline of the History of the Old Catholic Church," by B. A. Van Kleef, Old Catholic Parish Priest of Egmond aan Zee, Holland, contain more of real interest for the student of present-day Protestantism than any other sections of the book. There is also a Supplement containing a "Translation of the Declaration of Utrecht."

As a whole the work may be considered an interpretation of the Oxford Movement, not in terms of Tractarianism or nineteenth-century dissatisfaction with the Erastianism of the Church of England, but rather as an awakening of a dormant Catholicism in many branches of the Protestant communion, a Catholic Revival which was felt from Ashtabula to Upsala. It will surprise many people to learn that the Catholic Revival in America antedated Pusey and Newman. Dr. Edward Rochie Hardy in his chapter on the Catholic Revival in the American Church says: "It is recorded of the Reverend John Hall, rector of St. Peter's, Ashtabula, Ohio, who read himself into the Church by studying a prayer-book, that he heard many confessions before Tractarianism was yet heard of. Later, being accused of being a Puseyite, he made inquiries and obtained the Tracts; the conclusion he came to was: 'Dr. Pusey is a Hallite. I have held these principles throughout my ministry.'"

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All the chapters in the book exhibit deep earnestness and all reveal a high degree of literary excellence. The authors have made commendable efforts to present the Oxford Movement under the different aspects indicated by the chapter headings; they have brought together much valuable material, but they cannot be said to have thrown much new light on the subject. Their task, however, was not to follow the movement in detail, but to summarize its various influences on religion and society. Judging by these summaries one may conclude that, while the Oxford Movement did for a time cause a profound upheaval in English religious thought, its achievements as a whole are rather meager.

The real importance of this book does not lie in what it has to say regarding the Oxford Movement, but in the manner in which it is planned to bring out a wider and more far-reaching tendency—the reawakening of a dormant Catholicism in many branches of Protestantism. The Oxford Movement as described here is not, therefore, the whole, but merely a part—a notably important part—of the Catholic Revival which showed itself in such unexpected places as the Calvinist Churches in Scotland and Holland and in Lutheran Germany.

In substance the work seems to be an effort to uphold the Lambeth Quadrilateral, and to be a defense of the program proposed at the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne in 1927. Though nothing was accomplished at Lausanne, the proposal to effect Christian Union on a basis of episcopacy was not abandoned, and the present volume is really a companion to the work, "Episcopacy, Ancient and Modern," which appeared in 1929.

It is very much to be regretted that this work was planned without reference to an event of the greatest importance for the churches which are interested in the so-called Catholic Revival, to which Dr. Williams calls attention in his Foreword. He says: "Since the volume was planned, an event has happened which—though it has not made much stir for the moment in the eyes of the general public—will yet, we believe, prove to have been of cardinal importance for the future history of Christendom; I mean the establishment of full intercommunion between the Church of England and the 'Old Catholic' Churches of the Continent. . . . It seemed, accordingly, appropriate that a book designed to express the ideals and aspirations of the Catholic Movement in the English Church . . . should include some account of this small but deeply interesting Church, which is the first Christian body with which we have been able not merely to discuss but also to achieve full reunion." Had the book been written with a view to describe the effect this reunion is having on the Anglican and the non-conformist mind in England, it would have value altogether out of proportion to the vague generalities with which the chapters on the Catholic Revival in Scotland, Holland and elsewhere are filled.

Another writer in the chapter on "The Oecumenical Ideals of the Movement" is a little more explicit regarding what the Anglican Chuch expects from this union with the Old Catholics. He says, speaking of the consent

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Next Week

CODES—AN EXPERIMENT, by Elmer Murphy, considers the new fact that "problems of general welfare growing out of the technicalities of commercial and industrial practise, instead of being dumped into the congressional hopper for solution by the enactment of a law, are turned over to administrators who, with the help of the groups directly concerned, attempt to solve them by the much simpler and shorter method of formulating a regulation." The far-reaching effects of this new system are criticized by Mr. Murphy in the best spirit of critical analysis. . . . RACE BETTERMENT, by James J. Walsh, who is probably the most widely known writing Catholic M.D. in the United States, considers the various hysterias which mask themselves under long scientific and mightier-than-the-next-fellow names and through civil means, in time of peace, perpetrate crimes against life. The present paper considers specifically the recent sterilization measures taken in Germany but applies the lesson to the dangers everywhere of abrogating human rights by legislation supposed to be founded on modern science. . . . ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY, by John Tracy Ellis, is a brief and vivid essay about Pope Leo XIII's encyclical "On Historical Studies," a great document in defense of truth and fairness of which the past year was the golden anniversary. . . . FATHER LEFLAM, by Walter R. Hudson, is a stirring account of a heroic pioneer in Alaska who befriended and helped the Indians in the face of the encroachments of the civilized world's rapacity in commerce.

given to the union by the Convocation of Canterbury and York in January, 1932: "Thus for the first time since the Reformation the Church of England found itself in full communion with a body of Christians on the Continent of Europe, whose orders are unquestioned either by the Orthodox Churches or by Rome." Already the union has borne fruit, he says, because Old Catholic bishops have "participated in the consecration of bishops of the American Church." Swedish bishops have also taken part in the consecration of Anglican bishops, something really remarkable in view of the reply of the stern old Primate of the Swedish Church to the request for an interview from the Anglican Bishop of Rochester in 1888: "No, I cannot see him. His orders are doubtful, and his theology is too Calvinistic."

It is, perhaps, too soon to speculate about the effects of this entente on the churches, but it will be interesting to watch whether Reichsbishop Mueller will be received at Canterbury and in Utrecht, whether the breezy Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Right Reverend Albert Augustus David, will desist from his subversive practise of inviting Unitarians to preach in the churches of his diocese, and whether there will be any general disposition on the part of Anglican divines to validate their orders through the good offices of Old Catholics or Swedes. In any case, the student of episcopal genetics in the future will be confronted with a difficult problem in determining the lines of apostolic succession in England and elsewhere.

The line of argument to be followed in fortifying the claim to separate existence for that paradoxical thing, Northern Catholicism, is indicated in the Appendix on the "Outline of the History of the Old Catholic Church." Apart, however, from the religious importance of banding the Nordics together into Northern Catholicism, it is refreshing to find that the exigencies of this new federation have driven many of the animosities of the World War period into oblivion, and the old texts of Tacitus are again doing service to prove the demographic character of Teutonic religion and the inalienable right of the Germans to be considered the pioneers of liberty individual and political. To that extent Victorianism is vindicated over Georgianism of the newer variety.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Little Underdogs

Dependent and Neglected Children. A Publication of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

SUCH a book as this is a boon to social workers, teachers, physicians and all other men and women whose work brings them in contact with the most pitiable victims of ignorance, cruelty or adverse circumstance. It is one of the publications of the White House Conference on child welfare which was called by President Hoover in 1930. On the committees, whose findings are incorporated in this report, are to be found the names of a number of prominent Catholic social workers and sociologists, among them Miss Rose J. McHugh,

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Father Bryan J. McEntegart, Father John La Farge, and Dr. John M. Cooper.

The recommendations of previous White House Conferences—those of 1909 and 1919—are reaffirmed, the passage of time having proved their fundamental soundness. These include such desirable policies as keeping dependent children in their own homes whenever possible and the adaptation of welfare measures to the special problems of race and nationality. In addition, the members of the 1930 conference call attention to the invaluable services of the Children's Bureau, and, recognizing that one of the chief reasons for child dependency is the death of mothers from causes connected with childbirth, it advocates federal help in reducing the exceptionally high maternal mortality rate in the United States. Special questions taken up by the committee are grouped under the following captions: "Dependent Children at Home," "Child Dependency and Industrial Accidents," "Mothers' Aid in the United States," "Children Born out of Wedlock," "Child Dependency as Affected by Race," "Nationality and Mass Migration," "Correction and Prevention of Neglect of Children," and "Importance of Liberal Terms for Child Caring Endowments."

It would be impossible to give even a brief summary of the contents of this voluminous report in the space of a brief review. Attention may be called to some of the most significant of the data brought out and to a few of the most valuable suggestions offered by the experts on child life. There are, for example, the depressing facts that a large percentage of employed fathers receive inadequate wages, that it is children who suffer most when there is widespread unemployment and that every year industrial accidents deprive 14,000 children of their fathers. The far-reaching importance to children of a happy family life is emphasized as is the need for religious faith and practise in the home. Since the premature death of mothers is always a potent factor in the break-up of families and the dispersal of children, medical authorities and social agencies might well ponder the startling fact that childbirth ranks second as a cause of death among women between fifteen and forty-five. The value of such enlightened devices as mothers' pensions in keeping families intact after the death of the father is stressed by competent investigators. There are recommendations for the care and protection of children handicapped by illegitimate birth.

The special difficulties encountered by the dependent and neglected children of Negro, Puerto Rican, Mexican and Indian families are sympathetically analyzed. The Negro is America's marginal worker with a consequent low standard of living. A disproportionately large number of Negro women and children are forced into employment with the result that childhood is often blighted in the early years. It is gratifying to record that the Catholic Church has done more concrete welfare work in behalf of Negro children than has any other religious group. Mexican children are handicapped not only by economic distress and ill-health but by race prejudice as well. The Puerto Ricans who flock to New York

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are frequently desperately poor people from a poverty-stricken island whose children suffer acutely from such retarding factors as unfamiliarity with our language and deplorable housing conditions. It is recommended that care of these helpless little American citizens should begin with federal and private efforts to improve the conditions of their island home. The concluding pages of the book contain many constructive suggestions for the correction and prevention of neglect of children.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

The Nation's Pet

Crowded Hours: Reminiscences of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

THIS is a delightful book with which to pass the time and become acquainted with an extraordinarily interesting and lively woman whose chances to observe and enjoy the world have been what everyone knows. The book is written in the extremely easy conversational, even occasionally negligent, fashion becoming a woman of the world; and anyone who loves politics, society and travel is sure to have a good time reading it, although Mrs. Longworth very deliberately chooses to skim with light and rapid wing over the surface of all three, diving down only occasionally to bring up some particularly gleaming or succulent fish. A somewhat pompous essayist once said of Saint Augustine that he threaded the mazes of theology with an intuitive orthodoxy. Mrs. Longworth threads the mazes of her crowded hours with an intuitive propriety as to what may be told and what may not be told, although her sense of propriety is, in a sound and commendable sense of the term, up-to-date. Dolly Madison, Harriet Lane, Frances Folsom Cleveland Preston, would hardly have been so frank and natural.

"Less wit than mimic, more wit than wise," is Mrs. Longworth's estimate of herself, and no doubt a sound one, though the book by no means lacks a certain wisdom, perhaps one might call it the wisdom of sincerity; of something rather like humility; and of "sophistication" deliberately eschewed. The author does not hesitate to characterize the unlovely emotions that agitated her during certain of the difficult, crucial periods of her father's career and to accuse herself of some mischief-making, which on one or two occasions contributed to the confusion and bitterness of situations which contained within themselves serious political consequences. There is no malice in the book, though it has its wilful ironies; indeed it is so transparently free from malice that it is clear there is no malice in the author's heart.

Everyone is familiar with the cry, "O that mine enemy would write a book!" If Mrs. Longworth has an enemy, he or she will be grievously disappointed for there can be no doubt that the effect of the book upon the reading and thinking public of these United States will be to increase very considerably the admiration and respect in which Mrs. Longworth is held; and this in spite of the fact that the book is throughout resolutely trivial. However, quite unintentionally it contains one catch in the throat for many a reader. Making use of verses from her mother's

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album, Mrs. Longworth likens herself to "the little green lizard on Solomon's wall who waited for flies the long day through" while witnessing all the splendors and excitements of that magnificent monarch's career and daily life. And the verses conclude (the "king" referring to the great Theodore, though Mrs. Longworth does not say so):

"Yet when the little green lizard was led to speak
Of the king when the king was dead,
He had only kept track of the flies on the wall,
For he was but a lizard after all."

But what a nimble, corruscating and—to the surprise of a good many people—amiable lizard it is! However it would not be the lizard on Solomon's wall did it not know that "all things are full of weariness; man cannot utter it; the eye is not filled with seeing nor the ear with hearing." Mrs. Longworth knows this and without quite intending to do so communicates it to the reader. Nevertheless, as she says, she still finds Washington amusing; like us others.

RUSSELL WILBUR.

A Spiritual Journey

From Dante to Jeanne D'Arc, by Katherine Brégy. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.75.

THOSE who wish to push up out of mediocrity or the profuse and unselective world that is so much with us, into a clear, beautiful and noble empyrean of thought, may do it by reserving for themselves a little leisure and reading Miss Brégy's book. They will find spaciousness of view, great vistas and also fine, authentic detail, the careful, selective work of a scholar who is a clairvoyant artist. Here is vivid realism about great enduring humanities and the supernatural.

The first essay, "Dante's Dream of Life," is the one which, from among many others by scholars and poets and essayists of renown, won the international Leahy prize in 1927 for an essay on Dante. The balance of the book carries on the high romance of the growth of the chivalric ideal in our civilization, founded on the great Christian virtue of charity, charity given its noblest unselfishness by faith and given the saving virtue of cheerfulness peculiar to those who do good works immediately, that is here and now instead of talking about them in windy gusts of social theory, by hope in God. This is the saving thread of our civilization, however it is overlaid with indifference, stupidity or wilful misunderstanding, however the true romance of life is misrepresented by the sly, defeatist nigglers who self-crown themselves with a peaked cap labeled "practical." The divine paradox of the way of the cross as an arch-type of life, underlies these excursions into the great adventures of medieval life and literature. This is said advisedly lest the popular practical crowd raise the hue and cry of Pollyanna, worldly asceticism so foreign to the realities Miss Brégy discerns. If that is mysticism, Miss Brégy makes the best of it.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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Briefer Mention

The Letters of Stephen Gardiner; edited by James Arthur Muller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

PROFESSOR MULLER, whose "Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction" is a contribution of the first rank to the history of the Reformation in England, has now gathered patiently the extant letters of this remarkable churchman and diplomat. These documents, with short notes of frequent interest, fill an octavo volume of more than 500 pages and form, in our opinion, one of the most important source-books for Tudor history to have appeared in a good while. They form a picture of the diplomatic "mind" representative of those days, and throw a great deal of light upon the religious outlook and situation of that time. One of the first letters shows Gardiner asking Erasmus if he recalled the little boy who used to mix salads for him in Paris; and one of the last, upbraids the Mayor of Leicester for a love of newfangleness. Between the two lie many years of a tangled and stormy career, which saw Gardiner traveling to the various courts of Europe, attempting to find a compromise between his love of the king's authority and his deep regard for the Church, opposing iconoclasts and radicals, negotiating for peace, twiddling his thumbs in the Tower, trying to dissuade Queen Mary from marrying Philip, and doing countless other things. The editor is a scholar, and his book will serve those who are his peers.

The Paris Front, by Michel Corday. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00

THOUGH the war is now fairly remote, the present volume is nevertheless alive even in 1933. Michael Corday, a French pacifist and anti-clerical, kept a diary to which some of the most important people of the time contributed anecdotes and remarks. Many of these have a somewhat horrible pertinence—are as realistic as the unmentioned details of ordinary life and just as revealing. We regret that the book should be so badly marred by pure humanitarianism and inability to see the difference between reactionary Catholicism and the Faith as such.

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